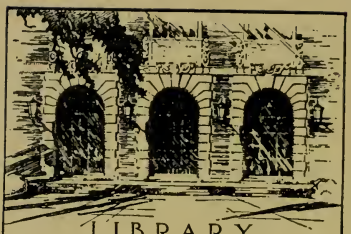

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THE

MICROCOSM.

BY THE AUTHOR

OF

VICISSITUDES IN GENTEEL LIFE.

" Great events often arise from trifling incidents. A point of
" etiquette will sometimes involve a nation in war."

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

London:

PRINTED FOR J. MAWMAN, IN THE POULTRY.

1801.

By T. Gillet, Salisbury-square.

S.r Edw: Littleton Bart.

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DEDICATION.

APR 1 '34 MARSHALL

THE effusion of a heart fraught with gratitude, is ever liable to be mistaken for flattery, and an acknowledgment of obligation, if accompanied by only just praise, deemed the language of adulation. But if to the character of a Senator, whose independent conduct, through a series of years, has evinced his being superior to the acceptance of Place, Pension, or titles, be added that of a private gentleman, whose tenants are permitted to live in ease and comfort, while those of too many possessors of large landed property, are daily raised to almost rack-rents, it will surely be beyond the power of even the ingenious passions of envy and malice, to torture the due attribution into

 a principle

a principle unworthy the acceptance of conſcious rectitude: yet, apprehenſive of offending by any ſemblance of flattery, the author will forbear to expreſs more particular ſentiments, and will only, in ſimple language, make an offering (the acceptance of which will increaſe a liſt of unreturnable obligations) of the enſuing pages, written under various diſadvantages, with little more to recommend them than an intention not reprehenſible,

TO

SIR EDWARD LITTLETON, BART.

ONE OF THE REPRESENTATIVES

OF THE COUNTY OF

STAFFORD.

PREFATORY LETTER,

ADDRESSED TO THE

REV. WILLIAM JOHNSTONE.

SIR,

THE obligation under which I think myſelf for your friendly advice, makes me determine upon anſwering your letter in this public manner, that I may at once offer you my thanks, and ſpare myſelf a formal preface, as the reply which your letter demands, will include all I can ſay upon the ſubject.

You firſt aſk me why, as you are pleaſed to ſay, I have a turn for more ſerious compoſition, I chuſe to employ my time in writing a novel which requires greater labor than ſimple moral eſſays; becauſe invention muſt be added to a diſplay of moral truths.

To say I make emolument a subordinate consideration, would be absurd, and likewise discredited; but this, whether or not I am believed, I can assert with the strictest truth—that whatever might be my primary motive for rendering myself liable to public censure, one of the greatest pleasures the employ affords me, is to describe in glowing tints the beauty and pre-eminence of the Christian system in its primitive attire; with the happiness which ever results from habitual sentiments of true piety; and were I to make this attempt in theological language, and under a theological title, my efforts would probably be fruitless; the number of tracts from the pens of professed Divines, would throw my puny labors into obscurity. When the writings of Doctors; of Deans, and of Bishops are daily advertised, who would condescend to be instructed in superior duties, however excellent the precepts, by an humbler author! I wish to write to the *hearts* of my readers. I wish to draw the ductile mind to *be in love*

love with rectitude, and the design of conveying instruction; reproof; encouragement—of ridiculing folly, originating from, or ending in vice—of shewing virtue in her native beauty and inviting or rather allurring others into her paths, has ever been most successfully pursued by those who have had genius and ability to exemplify precepts in an interesting and well told story. The fabrications of our Fielding; Richardson; Sterne; Smollet: Hawkesworth; Goldsmith; Johnson, &c. have ever been esteemed amongst the first of English productions, even by those who affect to contemn this species of writing. And has not Spain boasted of her Cervantes?—France of Moliere; Le Sage; Fenelon; Rousseau; Voltaire?—Greece, of Homer? And Italy, of Virgil? Yet did not every one of these delight in fiction? Were not their most choice sentiments and important precepts delivered in the words of an imaginary hero? Even Milton chose the drapery of romance for his sublimest ideas. Story or

fable has been adopted from the earlieſt ages of the world, by the moſt pious, as well as moſt learned men that ever ornamented its ſurface. What but fables, are the inimitably ſimple parables in the Goſpel? What but allegory, the Song of Solomon? And what the whole Book of Job, (written probably by Moſes) but the fineſt of all novels that ever was compoſed? Indeed, there can ſcarce be named a writer of any celebrity, who has not, at one time or another, employed his pen (either in proſe or verſe) in ſomething of the novel ſpecies, and yet the critics of the preſent age, too light, perhaps to form an opinion of their own, adopt (in words) the dry ſentiments of the laſt century (which affected to ſet amuſement at defiance), in expectation of acquiring thereby a reputation for that profound wiſdom which, if really poſſeſſed, would but ſerve to render them unamiable companions, and unimproving inſtructers; for can it be ſuppoſed that the gayety of a juvenile mind will ſo readily acquire a reliſh for the informa-

tion

tion which reading affords, if it muſt be always confined to the moroſeneſs of dictatorial teachers, as if it were ſometimes indulged with a permiſſion to ſtray in the flowery paths of inſtructive imagery? Certainly not; nor will dry dictates alone produce ſo good an effect; for to young people "example is better than precept;" for which reaſon it ought to be as much the endeavour of a writer to deform vice as to ornament virtue; a conſideration ſeldom ſufficiently attended to.

You will not miſtake my meaning by ſuppoſing that I approve of an attachment to theſe kind of writings, without diſtinction. Novels whoſe tendency is to render any vice, however faſhionable, enticing to a youthful eye, or which leads the puerile heart to entertain romantic ideas, ought to be reprobated in the ſevereſt language; but thoſe which draw the mind to love, and to practiſe not only the gentle, but ſeverer virtues; to ſhun every vicious principle, and in one ſentence, to make genuine piety the

foundation of every action, cannot be condemned but by the pedant or the cynic—by an affectation of wisdom, or morose unamiable virtue—which last phrase, however, is, in my opinion, a direct contradiction in terms.

What kind of writings, let me ask, would you have the young people of this age advised to peruse? History? Travels? Poetry? or Plays? Does not the same objection lie against these as against novels? Is there not good and bad of *every* species? Does *all* history inform the mind and improve the heart? Will the account of every traveller open the understanding and elevate the sentiments of his readers? A taste for drama must still less be indiscriminately indulged, as the best and the worst of precepts are delivered in a dramatic form. And what more corrupting than some of the poetry which shines in superb covers on the shelves of our libraries?

You will perhaps say that a proper selection ought to be made of these publications. And cannot this, with equal propriety be

said

ſaid of novels? Why, except from what may be termed vulgar prejudice, ſhould any one ſpecies of compoſition be condemned *in toto?* If you urge that young people ought to be confined to moral eſſays, and works of mere inſtruction, I muſt again aſk whether this will be effectual to the deſign of alluring the juvenile reader to the love of ſtudy. Surely no: a young mind muſt be invited, not driven, to a fondneſs of improvement, and after the habit be formed, a reliſh for books more profound will be acquired. To this point I ſpeak from cloſe obſervation and experimental knowledge.

You have read Studies of Nature, written by James Henry Bernardine de St. Pierre, and you ſubſcribe to the warmeſt elogium that can be given to the author. Yet even this great man, whoſe writings no one can attentively peruſe without experiencing an elevation of ſentiment, did not think it derogatory to his dignity to inſert the novel [for ſuch, whether the ſtory was or was not founded in truth, it muſt be en-

titled] of Paul and Virginia, which exemplifies many of his precepts.

Some time back I met with the production entitled "Pompey the Little," with the preface to which I was much pleased, because my own sentiments, formed long before I read that work, were there presented. Fearless of the accusation of plagiarism, of which I am totally unconscious, and which is often unjustly attributed to many writers whose imagery and idiom are similar to that of some author, to whose writings they were utter strangers, I will transcribe some passages from the work above-mentioned, although the sense of some part of it is exactly what I have attempted to express: perhaps the better choice of words will more clearly elucidate that sense; at least it will evince that my opinions are not singular, and will give some authority, as the author of that publication was no mean genius, to my sentiments.

"To convey instruction in a pleasant "manner, and mix entertainment with it, "is certainly a commendable undertaking,

"perhaps

" perhaps more likely to be attended with
" ſucceſs than graver precepts.

" Can one help wondering therefore at
" the contempt with which ſome people
" affect to talk of this ſort of compoſition ?
" They ſeem to think it degrades the dig-
" nity of their underſtandings to be found
" with a novel in their hands, and take
" great pains to let you know that they
" never read them. They are people of
" too great importance, it ſeems, to miſ-
" ſpend their time in ſo idle a manner,
" and much too wiſe to be amuſed.

" Now though many reaſons may be
" given for this ridiculous and affected diſ-
" dain, I believe a very principal one, is
" the pride and pedantry of learned men,
" who are willing to monopolize reading
" to themſelves, and therefore faſtidiouſly
" decry all books that are on a level with
" common underſtandings, as empty, tri-
" fling and impertinent.

" Thus the grave metaphyſician for
" example, after working nights and days
" perhaps for ſeveral years, ſends forth at
" laſt

" laſt a profound treatiſe, where A and B
" ſeem to contain ſome very deep myſteri-
" ous meaning; grows indignant to think
" that every little paltry ſcribbler, who
" paints only the characters of the age, the
" manners of the times, and the working
" of the paſſions, ſhould preſume to equal
" him in glory.

" The politician too, who ſhakes his
" head in coffee-houſes, and produces now
" and then, from his fund of obſervations,
" a grave, ſober, political pamphlet on the
" good of the nation; looks down with
" contempt on all ſuch idle compoſitions,
" as lives and romances, which contain no
" ſtrokes of ſatire at the miniſtry, no un-
" mannerly reflections upon Hanover, nor
" anything concerning the balance of
" power on the Continent. Theſe gentle-
" men and their readers join all to a man
" to depreciate works of humor: or if ever
" they vouchſafe to ſpeak in their praiſe,
" their commendation never riſes higher
" than, " Yes, 'tis well enough for ſuch a
" ſort of thing," after which the grave

" obſervator

" obſervator retires to his news-paper, and " there, according to the general eſtima- " tion, employs his time *to the beſt ad-* " *vantage.*

" But beſide theſe, there is another ſet, " who never read any modern books at all. " They, wiſe men, are ſo deep in the " learned languages, that they can pay no " regard to what has been publiſhed within " theſe laſt thouſand years. The world is " grown old; mens geniuſſes are degene- " rated; the writers of this age are too " contemptible for their notice, and they " have no hopes of any better to ſucceed " them. Yet theſe gentlemen of profound " erudition will contentedly read any traſh " that is diſguiſed in a learned language, " and the worſt ribaldry of Ariſtophanes, " ſhall be critiqued and commented upon " by men, who turn up their noſes at " *Gulliver*, or *Joſeph Andrews.*

" But if this contempt for books of " amuſement be carried a little too far, as " I ſuſpect it is, even among men of ſcience " and learning, what ſhall be ſaid to ſome

" of

" of the greateſt triflers of the times, who " affect to talk the ſame language? Theſe " ſurely have no right to expreſs any diſ- " dain of what is at leaſt equal to their " underſtandings. Scholars and men of " learning have a reaſon to give; their ap- " plication to ſevere ſtudies may have deſ- " troyed their reliſh for works of a lighter " caſt, and conſequently it cannot be ex- " pected they ſhould approve what they do " not underſtand. But for beaux, rakes, " petit-maitres and fine ladies, whoſe lives " are ſpent in doing the things which " novels record, I do not ſee why they " ſhould be indulged in affecting a con- " tempt for them. People, whoſe moſt " earneſt buſineſs it is to dreſs and play at " cards, are not ſo importantly employed, " but that they may find leiſure now and " then to read a novel. Yet theſe are as " forward as any to deſpiſe them; and I " once heard a very fine lady condemning " ſome highly finiſhed converſations in " one of *Mr. Fielding*'s works for this curi- " ous reaſon—" becauſe," ſaid ſhe, " it

" is

" is ſuch ſort of ſtuff as paſſes every day
" between me and my own maid."

Speaking farther reſpecting the writings of the gentleman laſt mentioned, he adds—
" They are, I think, worthy the attention
" of the greateſt and wiſeſt men, and if
" anybody is aſhamed of reading them, or
" can read them without entertainment or
" inſtruction, I heartily pity their under-
" ſtandings. The late editor of Mr. Pope's †
" works, in a very ingenious note, wherein
" he traces the progreſs of romance-writing,
" juſtly obſerves, that this ſpecies of com-
" poſition is now brought to perfection by
" Mr. De Marivaux in France, and Mr.
" Fielding in England."

Will what I have written above, be deemed a ſufficient reply to the letter with which you favored me upon the ſubject of compoſition? If it will not, I muſt leave it unanſwered, only acknowledging that I have in conſiderable forwardneſs ſeveral pieces of the ſpecies of writing you wiſh me to attempt—ſome moral; ſome dramatic, and ſome more peculiarly religious,

† Biſhop Warburton.

but

but as I only write at intervals of time, I cannot fix any probable period for their completion.

It was ſuggeſted to me, upon the appearance of my former publication, that I was obliged to the pen of a friend for many of its parts; but this, whether criticiſm "ſevere, or mild," awaits me, I think it equitable to contradict; and to affirm that neither in this, nor in any other production, did I ever conſciouſly introduce a line which owed its origin to another, except what I acknowledged by quotation.

"Faded ideas float in the fancy like half "forgotten dreams; and imagination, in "its fulleſt enjoyments, becomes ſuſpicious "of its offſpring, and doubts whether it "has created or adopted."

That I have frequently experienced this perplexity, I am forward to declare, as no piece of criticiſm would more ſenſibly affect me than that of being accuſed with endeavoring to paſs off as my own the original ſentiments of another; for which reaſon I have marked with inverted commas many

many paſſages in the enſuing pages, which I believe had never any other author, becauſe their familiarity raiſed an apprehenſion that it was poſſible I had met with them at ſome former period; and indeed I have frequently found my own ideas, and almoſt my own expreſſions, in writers I had never previouſly peruſed, which, though it created ſome ſurpriſe at the moment, is not, duly conſidered, a circumſtance to be wondered at, as it is not improbable that two people unacquainted with each other ſhould think and ſpeak upon the ſame ſubject with ſimilitude.

It was not till I had written a great part of the work with which I intend this letter ſhall appear, that I ever read one line in any of the writings of the author of Cecilia, Evelina, &c. yet I found many paſſages in them which might induce little critics to pronounce my having filched from theſe publications; but little critics are moſt heartily to be deſpiſed, as a word, or even a letter miſplaced, appears to them a fault of magnitude. *Real genius*—a phraſe very little

little underſtood—admires what they condemn; being experimentally convinced that a lively imagination cannot always be confined within the bounds of what dull people call ſtrict propriety.

It is a misfortune to me, perhaps a greater to my readers, that I never am able to tranſcribe what I have written. My firſt copy has always been my laſt. Could I write over again the following volumes, I ſhould probably make great alterations in them; but the taſk would be extreme: indeed not practicable. The work muſt be ſent into the world, if ſent at all, "with "all its faults upon its head." When I began, it was not my intention to carry it to more than half the length to which it has almoſt unavoidably been extended. The ſtory is copious, and I could not compriſe it without either crowding the incidents, or relating, uninterruptedly, the ſimple matters of fact which lead to the final event. The firſt part of the work may be deemed unintereſting, but it is a neceſſary hinge for the reſt to turn upon; and

and without a full elucidation of the primary cauſe, the effect would appear improbable and extravagant.

I have been under no little perplexity reſpecting a title to the following pages, having fixed upon ſeveral which I was ſubſequently informed were monopolized.

The World as it is, &c.

A Picture of Life—were diſcarded upon this account; and after I determined upon THE MICROCOSM, I was told of its having been applied to a periodical paper lately publiſhed; but by the advice of a friend, who obſerved that a periodical paper was ſo diſtinguiſhable from a novel, that the ſame title, without any apprehenſion of miſtake, might be applied to both, I ſtill determined upon its adoption.

When I anſwered your firſt letter of enquiry, it was as I informed you, my intention to publiſh by private ſubſcription, but being deſirous of ſending the volumes to the preſs ſooner than it was poſſible I could more completely effect my purpoſe, I determined to avail myſelf of the favor of a ſelect

a ſelect number of friends, and offer them to the world immediately; and from the punctuality of my printer, I hope they will ſoon be under your inſpection.

The grateful reſpect I entertain for thoſe who kindly aſſiſt in promoting my deſign, impels me to make a public acknowledgment of their favor, by which I think myſelf greatly honored; I will therefore tranſmit to you their names, as I received them, without any alphabetical arrangement, or honorary diſtinction.

Sir Edward Littleton. Rev. Richard Slany, for two impreſſions. Rev. M. Kemſey. Miſs Smallwood. Miſs Sarah Brown. Rev. Henry White. Rev. J. Fern. Miſs Barker. Rev. —— Taylor. Rev. Charles Buckridge. Mrs. Buckridge. Thomas Maynard Eſq. Mrs. Maynard. Robert Sparrow Eſq. Mrs. Sparrow. Rev. Benee Sparrow. Mrs. Benee Sparrow. Mr. Somerville. Rev. Hamlet Harriſon. Miſs Hill. Rev. George Crabbe. Mrs. Crabbe. Hon. Edward Monckton. Miſs Pigot. Rev. W. Lawſon. Rev. F. E. Say. Mrs. Say.

Say. Mrs. Sparks. Mr. T. Hunt. Right Hon. Lord Viſcount Brome. Earl of Rochford, George Naſſau Eſq. His Grace the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon. Earl of Dyſart. Counteſs of Dyſart. Right Hon. Lord Rous. Phillip-Bowes Broke Eſq. Mrs. Broke. Charles Berners Eſq. Charles Berners Eſq. jun. H. F. Spencer Eſq. Samuel Kilderbee Eſq. Rev. Samuel Kilderbee. Lieut. Col. Dupuis. Edward Haſell Eſq. Miſs Ann-Gill Gap. Mrs. G. Edwards. Miſs Mary Edwards. Mr. J. Pierſon. Mr. Parrott. Mr. T. Bayles. Mrs. Morrett. Mrs. Newſon. Moreton Walhouſe, Eſq. for two impreſſions. Harry-Spencer Waddington Eſq. John Horſey Waddington Eſq. Peter-Iſaac Thelluſſon Eſq. Mrs. Thelluſſon. Hon. Mrs. Poſcawen. Henry Gardener Eſq. Right Hon. Lord Preſton. Mrs. Webb. Miſs Devie. Mr. Bennet. Rev. Ph. Sommers. Mrs. Johnſtone. Miſs Johnſtone. Mr. Charles Johnſtone. Hon. Mrs. Beaumont. Miſs Beaumont. Hon. Mrs Saville. Rev. Doctor James Wyreley. Lady Elizabeth Hervey.

Hervey. Miſs Olivia Courtney. Miſs Lorimer. Mrs. Clifford. Rev. Richard Frank, D. D. and the Right Hon. Lady Bradford.

In the opinion of the above, to many of whom I am united by the ties of conſanguineous or ſpontaneous affection—to all by thoſe of gratitude—I particularly wiſh to ſtand juſtified, and truſt their ſtrictures will be lenient. To the friends, in general, of virtue, I next wiſh to recommend my endeavors; and then, if the public at large will accept my labors, and by the precepts inculcated, and the examples given in the enſuing pages, any individuals ſhall be led into the paths of rectitude, my deſign will be completely effected, and my moſt ſanguine wiſhes gratified.

I am, Sir,

Your obliged Friend,

And obedient Servant,

The AUTHOR.

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THE

THE

MICROCOSM.

CHAP. I.

The Character of a great and good Man in a dozen Lines.

UPON the eaſtern coaſt of this kingdom, and within a day's journey from London, ſtood the ſeat of a gentleman of ancient family, whoſe name was Spencer. His perſon was fine and attractive, and a few words compriſed his character. Good ſenſe and a good diſpoſition, marked the man. Good breeding, and what is greatly beyond it, true politeneſs, ſhowed the gentleman. But above all—genuine piety diſtinguiſhed the CHRISTIAN.

Early in life, Mr. Spencer married the sole daughter and heiress of Mr. Charlton: a man who had acquired an immense fortune (report said upwards of half a million) in the capacity of a Turkey merchant, and who, being ambitious of an alliance with gentility, objected not to the smallness of Mr. Spencer's fortune, but admitted him cheerfully as a son-in-law. On his union with Letitia Charlton, who possessed and returned his entire affection, Mr. Spencer relinquished his intention of entering into public life.

In a few years Mr. Charlton, to his great joy, found himself grandfather to several lovely boys and girls; but none of them arrived to maturity, except one son and a daughter, who, in process of time were married—the first to a Miss Hatley, the other to her brother, Sir Everard.

Young Mrs. Spencer and the Baronet's Lady were, for a short period, very good friends, and met once in a week at either the Shrubbery, which was the name of Mr. Spencer's

Spencer's habitation, or at the more magnificent abode of Mr. Charlton, called the Aviary; but ſigns of animoſity ſoon began to diſturb the harmony of theſe nearly related families. Lady Hatley thought herſelf of too much increaſed conſequence to give place, as in theſe family meetings it ſeemed expected that ſhe ſhould, to the wife of her brother, with whom ſhe remonſtrated, in very warm terms, on this unreaſonable requiſition of Mr. Charlton, as it was he, who with great ſolemnity, ſettled the precedency of the party. But as the harmony, ſo the animoſity amongſt theſe relations was ſhort, for in two years after theſe marriages, an epidemic fever, which raged in all the neighbouring towns and villages, made ſuch havock amongſt Mr. Charlton's progeny, that Mr. Spencer, at the early age of forty-ſeven, found himſelf the only protector of a grandſon and two grand-daughters; the firſt left to his care by his ſon, the two laſt by the lady of the Baronet. Edward, was the name of the little Spencer;

Matilda and Eleanor of the Miſſes Hatley. Mr. Charlton, indeed, was ſtill living, but he was too infirm to caſe Mr. Spencer of any part of the care which devolved upon him on this deprivation of his lady and children.

And this is the period at which our hiſtory—to ornament our work with the language of Mr. Fielding—chuſes to commence.

And now reader let us ſtop in our career—or rather before we ſet out—to tell thee our determination.

We do not intend to write in direct imitation of any late or living authors; nevertheleſs we ſhall take the liberty of uſing the ſtyle—adopting the ſenſe—and even tranſcribing the language of any of them which pleaſe us, whenever we find ourſelves diſpoſed ſo to do; and that, perhaps, without always ſtopping—as we ſhall, probably, be ſometimes in great haſte—to mark as quotations what we borrow. However as we do not mean to be guilty of deliberate plagiariſm;

or

or with to pass off as our own, even the *ideas* of another, we warn our perusers to expect to find what, perhaps, they may have met with in the works of some writer of greater consequence; desiring them to allow us what merit we deserve for the selection, without crying out, as we know some certain pretty little critics—by punsters not unaptly termed *crickets*—do, when they meet with such expressions as—*Shady groves—purling streams—verdant meads*, &c. that they are *quotations*, and ought to have been *acknowledged* as such. We would have these lispers—these infant chirpers to understand, that we have an idea of being elevated above the reach of their squeaking tones; that we mean to write just as we please; leaving it to their option whether or not to spend any portion of their time in *skimming* the surface of our pages; that being what they generally do to works of still greater importance.

With regard to the judicious—though we do not mean to make ourselves account-

able to any one—we ſhould be unwilling to draw upon ourſelves their ſeverity for want of a little proper explanation, for which reaſon we inform them that we have in our lives peruſed many thouſands of pages, and that we have ſo inſenſibly imbibed, from early years, the *images* of their authors, eſpecially of thoſe which moſt pleaſed us, that, to borrow the ſenſe of one of our favourites, we cannot always ſeparate our own native ideas from thoſe which have been ſo imbibed.

We next declare that as we are creating a world of our own, we ſhall conſtitute what laws we pleaſe: and as thoſe who come under our juriſdiction, will come voluntarily, and may at any time ſhake off their allegiance, we do not expect they will pretend to intermeddle—nor to cenſure, (except under this great proviſo, that they can likewiſe AMEND) any thing which they may encounter within theſe our realms.

We are not, let it be obſerved, friends to unlimited monarchy: as, notwithſtanding

we

we conſider ourſelves the head of the government, we intend to be aſſiſted, and even ruled, by Common Senſe—Probability—Good humour, &c. &c. if we can prevail with theſe exalted perſonages to attend our levee: but as our intended counſellors may poſſibly be ſometimes abſent on other buſineſs, we hope—nay command—that a little ceſſation of their miniſtry may be overlooked.

Having thus cleared ourſelves from intentional deſpotiſm, we ſhall next exculpate ourſelves from all deſigns of forming a Commonwealth; diſallowing—as before diſallowed—of every fancied-conſequential upſtart's preſuming to cenſure, or even to applaud the work upon which we are entered; as their approbation, given in the phraſe of its being "*Mighty pretty*," we hold a greater libel than an open confeſſion of its not ſuiting their underſtanding.

And now to give an inſtance of our authority, we enact a law that it ſhall not be

ſaid every perſon can *read* who knows the ſound of the words before him, becauſe it may happen there ſhall be ſome who can even trace all languages to their origin, yet be quite invulnerable to the ſenſe which an author of any refinement wiſhes to convey. Sentiment, it ſeems, is not now *in faſhion*. The effect of Mr. Sheridan's School for Scandal has been to *explode* ſentiment, though it was evidently the intention of that elegant writer to reprobate only the aſſumption of it, as a veil to hide a villainous mind. The ſurface-ſkimmers of the preſent day, are happy in their miſtake of his meaning, as they can thus take occaſion to decry thoſe ſentiments in others for which, not having any in themſelves, they have no reliſh. They know not how to diſtinguiſh buffoonery from wit, or dullneſs from wiſdom; but pleaſed with an incongruous heap of phraſes, which raiſe a laugh, and perhaps a bluſh, exclaim with Squire Tony Lumkin, they "*love fun.*" Fun, therefore, is the commodity in high

ſale:

ſale: but we warn all thoſe, who for the ſun in faſhion barter their underſtandings, not to ſully theſe our pages; at their peril we warn them; becauſe if they expect to find any thing in them in their own way, we have the vanity to preſume that they will be greatly diſappointed.

Another declaration, not to be receded from—is this, that we ſhall uſe our own language; coining what words or phraſes we judge proper, without conſidering ourſelves amenable to any dictionary ſtudent whatever; whether miſs or maſter.

A third, and at preſent the laſt proclamation from our throne, is, that we ſhall aſſume, at pleaſure, in imitation of other Sovereigns, the ſingular or the plural language; and ſhall likewiſe ſhow ourſelves as either King or Queen, as ſuits the occaſional dignity or delicacy of our ſenſe and ſentiments; uſing, as we ſhall deem meet, I or WE, when we ſpeak; MADAM—SIR—or ſome word expreſſive of the union, if it ſhould happen that we are diſpoſed to re-

relate our having been addreſſed. And we decree that this diſſertation ſhall, to all intents and purpoſes, ſerve as a preface, though we ſuppoſe, notwithſtanding all we have been enforcing, we ſhall immediately be taxed with a baſe and premeditated imitation of our great anceſtor Laurence Sterne: but we declare upon the word of Royalty, that the idea never aroſe in our mind till we were far advanced towards a concluſion.

And now, that we may give a little reſt to ourſelves, and to our well-beloved and devoted ſubjects, we here make our firſt ſection.

CHAP. II.

The Story moves, yet does not begin.

THE education of his grandchildren, was now Mr. Spencer's great concern. He wiſhed to make them *good*, as well

well as *ornamental*, members of ſociety; being tinctured with ſuch obſolete opinions as to think that a gallant air in his boy, and a faſhionable one in his girls, would not entirely compenſate for the abſence either of morality or religion: a trait in this excellent man's character which (if the truth that we are determined to obſerve, would permit) we ſhould be glad to paſs over, as we well know it will be apt to render him ridiculous.

"A fine preceptor for girls of diſtinction!" cries the lovely Florinda.

"A queer *Put* to form a lad of ſpirit!" exclaims with the added ornament of an oath, her favoured ſwain. "What a Go-"thic appearance muſt creatures ſo tutored, "cut in faſhionable life!"

But notwithſtanding many of theſe ſarcaſms, and a great deal of contrary advice, Mr. Spencer perſiſted in his reſolution of not permitting his grandchildren to go to any public ſeminary. He provided tutors for

for every branch of education, and had the happineſs of ſeeing all the objects of his paternal wiſhes anſwer his expectation, in the proficiency they made under their reſpective inſtructors.

To lead our readers through the puerile joys and diſtreſſes of theſe our young people, would be tedious and unneceſſary: ſuffice if the little Edward Spencer was eſteemed one of the braveſt and beſt humoured lads in the country, and Matilda Hatley one of the prettieſt, ſprightlieſt, and moſt agreeable amongſt the girls. Eleanor was of a diſpoſition different from both her ſiſter and her couſin; for as theſe were open, artleſs, and generous; ſhe was ſecret, cunning, and ſelfiſh; but her perſon was attractive, and veiled from common obſervers the errors in her mind. Her eyes were black and piercing, her features regular, and the bloom of health animated her cheeks.

Matilda Hatley was of a fair complexion. Her

Her fine blue eyes were expreſſive of the ſweeteſt ſenſibility; and the moſt obliging intention was viſible in her actions.

When Edward, to whom no higher praiſe could be given than that of his bearing a ſtrong reſemblance to his grandfather, was juſt turned twelve, Matilda about two months younger, and Eleanor near eleven, Mr. Charlton left theſe lower regions after an illneſs of a few weeks, during which period he made a will, in ſome parts tinctured with ſymptoms of a ſecond childhood; but it was too rational to be invalidated. Mr. Charlton conſtituted Mr. Spencer ſole executor, and gave him all his poſſeſſions till the young people ſhould reſpectively arrive at age, when they were to be paid ten thouſand pounds each; and if they married with Mr. Spencer's conſent, given in writing, according to a preſcribed form, the firſt born child of the three, whether ſon or daughter, living to the age of twenty-one, ſhould be put in poſſeſſion of the noble eſtate called the Aviary, upon which

which Mr. Charlton made it a condition that Mr. Spencer ſhould reſide till the event above mentioned, ſhould it take place during the remaining term of his exiſtence, that the manſion and grounds might be kept in perfect order; and for this purpoſe he bequeathed a very handſome annual ſum to be expended at Mr. Spencer's diſcretion. It muſt be allowed that this magnificent as well as beautiful habitation, upon which it is proper to obſerve, the little ſelfiſh Eleanor had long ſince caſt a wiſhing eye, well merited this conſideration, as imagination cannot form any thing to exceed it in elegance.

Mr. Charlton, with great ingenuity, had a ſingular reliſh for improvements, and not thinking his own taſte equal to his deſigns, procured ſome of the firſt artiſts of the age to embelliſh the Aviary, and ſpared no expence through a ſeries of years to render it the admiration of all who beheld it.—That he ſucceeded in the accompliſhment of his favorite ſcheme will be evinced in the

the enſuing chapter, in which we propoſe to give ſome deſcription of his houſe and gardens. To the poſſeſſion of theſe he annexed a contiguous eſtate of twelve thouſand pounds per annum; and he left the reſidue of his property (in caſe of failure of deſcendants) to be diſpoſed of according to the judgment of Mr. Spencer, for whom he had always a great affection, and whoſe family name he ſo much preferred to his own, that he directed it by a clauſe in his will to be aſſumed by the poſſeſſor of the eſtate, (which likewiſe was to be entitled Spencer Aviary) for four ſucceeding generations, on the contingency of its deſcending to the female branches of the family.

Many whimſical particulars in Mr. Charlton's will might be diverting to ſuch as can ſport with the infirmities of old age; but we have too great a veneration for thoſe who arrive at that period, to ridicule their foibles; though poſſibly ſome of our faſhionable peruſers might think they would produce *good fun*.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Spencer Aviary.

THE manſion ſo much and juſtly the pride of Mr. Charlton's latter days, was compoſed of a very fine kind of ſtone, from a new found quarry upon his own eſtate, which was ſo beautifully veined that it had more the appearance of marble than of any other material. Of the form of the building we find it difficult to give any adequate idea, as though its ſtructure, when examined, was found to be perfectly conſiſtent, it appeared, at a firſt view to be a beautiful irregular piece of architecture; indeed, with the chapel, pavillions, temples, grottoes, alcoves, and numerous offices detached from the houſe, a traveller paſſing the park-pale, would have imagined it to be a litte town, rather than a habitation for one family; even the very ſtable-yards were encompaſſed by walls that wore

the

the appearance of handſome dwelling-houſes, but not in that unvaried ſtraight-line-form which generally diſtinguiſhes the offices belonging to the country ſeats of Engliſh gentlemen. The yards to the other offices and out-buildings were encloſed in the ſame manner; forming creſcents, ſquares, half-ſquares, and rotundoes; ſeveral parts of the fabric were finiſhed with domes; two or three with ſpires; and the walls either parapetted or turretted. In one of the apparent temples was a very harmonious ſet of ten bells, moved by clock-work, and which, though they rang a peal periodically, could occaſionally be put in motion with very little trouble: but what particularly engaged the attention of the curious, was a detached building of conſiderable magnitude in the form of an ancient caſtle, the walls of which were entirely covered with the beautiful pink-and-ſilver cone cockel-ſhells that adorn the Suffolk ſhore near Baudſey Ferry. It is impoſſible to imagine any thing more elegant than

this

this edifice, the rooms of which were formed for various amuſements: one wing was magnificently finiſhed for dancing, and a neat little theatre filled the other; while the centre was adapted to the more common purpoſes of life.

The manſion houſe of Spencer Aviary was ſuperb to an extreme degree. Every room was furniſhed in the higheſt ſtyle of magnificence, and nothing could exceed the convenience of the apartments, which were ſo numerous that though there was an agreeable connection through the whole, two or three diſtinct families might have lived in the houſe without incommoding each other. In ſhort, if ever any ſtructure merited the appellation of a palace, on account of its ſpaciouſneſs, beauty, or grandeur; that of Spencer Aviary had a juſt title to the diſtinction.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

A Ramble through Gardens, Groves, and Pleasure-grounds.

IN our last, we treated of the edifice, or, more properly, of the various edifices which composed the residence of Mr. Charlton, and to which, as has been intimated, the young mind of Eleanor Hatley had already directed her wishes, though she did not then know the conditions annexed to the possession of the Aviary estate.

It would give us great pleasure, because we are sure it would please our friends, could we convey an adequate idea of the enchanting grounds by which this stately structure we have been describing, was surrounded; but we confess ourselves unequal to the task, as the beauty of the place far surpassed all that the most raised imagination can portray.

Our celebrated near relation and dear friend,

friend, Sir Charles Morell, made a visit to Mr. Charlton, with whom he was acquainted at the Turkish Court, just before he published his incomparable Tales of the Genii, and he then told his friend, being charmed with the beauties of his habitation, that he would describe the gardens of the Queen of Pleasure from the ideas impressed by those of Spencer Aviary. As many of our readers may be unacquainted with the above-mentioned admirable production, we will give the description in Sir Charles's own language; leaving it to their judgment to substract what the inimitable writer added as the supposed effect of that enchantment upon which his tales were founded; and to make proper allowance for the different customs of the distant nation in which the scenes of his fiction lay; enjoining them, however, to keep the simple beauty of the place undiminished, in their eye, if they wish to retain a perfect idea of the gardens and pleasure-grounds of Mr. Charlton.

"Abudah awakening at the cheerful

"found

" found of innumerable birds which ſat
" around him, and ſtrove for maſtery in
" their ſweet wild notes, found himſelf
" lying in a lovely pavilion ſtrewed with
" freſh lilies and roſes, and filled with the
" moſt raviſhing perfumes; the downy ſofa
" on which he reclined was of the fineſt
" ſilk, wrought with curious devices, and
" executed with ſuch life and ſpirit, that
" flowers ſeemed in the mimic work to
" ſpring forth from under him.

" The riſing ſun, which appeared over
" the blue diſtant hills, and warmed the
" awakening day; the choriſters of the
" groves, whoſe melody was ſoftened by
" the gentle motion of the air; the un-
" ſpeakable elegance of the pavilion, which
" ſeemed formed by the powers of harmony;
" and the delicious fragrance of the air,
" tranſported the merchant with the moſt
" pleaſing ſenſations; he could not for ſome
" time believe his exiſtence, but ſuppoſed
" he was ſtill under the delightful viſion,
" which the night before had taken poſ-
" ſeſſion

" ſeſſion of him. He turned his eyes on
" all ſides to meet with new delights;
" which, though ſumptuous and coſtly,
" owed more luſtre to their delicacy and
" diſpoſition, than to the expenſive mate-
" rials out of which they were formed.

" But if ſuch were the raviſhing delights
" within, Abudah thought them much
" heightened when, upon being convinced
" he was awake, he ſtepped forward out of
" the pavilion, and beheld every enchant-
" ing object that art and nature could
" unite.

" The pavilion itſelf ſtood upon a riſing
" mount in the midſt of a moſt beautiful
" green, and was partly ſhaded by ſome
" upright palms and a ſcattered grove of
" oranges and citrons, which on all ſides,
" by beautiful breaks, gave a view of the
" neighbouring paradiſe.

" The centre of the pavilion opened to
" the lawn, which was beſet with elegant
" tufts of the moſt delightful verdure.

" Bluſhing and tranſparent fruits preſ-

" ſed

" ſed from between the foliage, and every
" colored, every ſcented flower, in agree-
" able variety, intermingled with the graſs,
" and repreſented the garden work of lux-
" uriant nature. Here roſes, with wood-
" bine entwined, appeared in beautuous
" confuſion; there the luſcious grape adorn-
" ed the barren branches of the ſtately elm,
" while beneath ſtrayed the rich flocks, or
" birds of various feather; ſome in numbers
" upon the ground, and ſome paired in
" trees, which added a new variety to the
" ſcene.

" At the bottom of the lawn ran a clear
" and tranſparent ſtream, which gently
" waſhed the margin of the green, and
" ſeemed to feed it as it paſſed.

" On the other ſide, a grove of myrtles,
" intermixed with roſes and flowering
" ſhrubs, led into ſhady mazes, in the midſt
" of which appeared the tops of other glit-
" tering elegant pavilions, ſome of which
" ſtood juſt on the brink of the river;
" others had wide avenues leading through
the

" the groves; and others were almoſt hid-
" den from the ſight by intervening woods.

" Abudah directing his ſteps towards the
" ſtream, found there an elegant barge, man-
" ned by ten beautiful youths, whoſe gar-
" ments were of azure trimmed with gold.
" They beckoned the happy merchant, and
" received him with the utmoſt affability
" into their bark; then all at once plying
" their refulgent oars, they made the cryſtal
" flood ſparkle with their ready ſtrokes.

" The boat rode lightly on the buxom
" ſtream, and as it paſſed through the
" meanders of the current, every moment
" preſented a new and ſtriking proſpect of
" beauties. Hanging rocks of different
" hues; woods of ſpices and perfumes,
" breathing ſweetneſs over the cool ſtream;
" fruits reflected in double luſtre in the
" clear waves; ſhrubs dropping their roſes
" on them as they paſſed; flocks and herds
" ſtanding gazing at their own images in
" the deep; others drinking the tranſparent
" waters, and ſome, more ſatisfied, friſking

" on

" on the lawns, or chaſing each other in " ſport among the trees.

" At length the ſtream, growing wider, " opened into a ſpacious lake, which was " half ſurrounded by a riſing hill, on which " might be ſeen, intermixed with groves, " various gay pavilions; palaces; theatres; " rotundoes: obeliſks; temples; pillars; " towers, and other curious marks of ele- " gance and luxury; various pleaſure boats " were ſailing on the ſurface of the lake; " ſome with gaudy banners fanning the " winds; others with pleaſing ſtructures " for ſhade and retirement: in one boat " gay muſic; in another banquets; in a " third deſerts of the fineſt fruit; viands, " cooling liquors, and gay company in " all, who looked more blooming than the " ſons of the genii, or the daughters of the " fairies. At the extremities of the ſwel- " ling hill, ran glittering caſcades, and " over the pendent ſides dropped down the " moſt luxurious vines, whoſe modeſt leaves " attempted in vain to hide their luſcious

" and tranſparent fruit from the eye of the " curious obſerver. At the extremity of " the lake, which, by its pure waters, ex- " poſed the yellow, golden ſand on which " it wantoned, two ſtreams ran toward the " right and left of the hill, and loſt them- " ſelves amidſt the groves, paſturage, lawns, " hillocks, and romantic ſcenes of the " adjacent country, where lofty gilded " ſpires, ſwelling domes, and other curious " labors, were partly concealed and partly " diſcovered by the blue expanſe of ſky, " which at laſt ſeemed blended with the " country, and luminated the proſpect of " the groves."

We previouſly enjoined our readers to make due allowance for the aids of enchantment, and for the advantages and cuſtoms of the eaſtern world: depending, therefore, upon their obedience to that injunction, we pronounce their being here furniſhed with an exact deſcription of the paradiſiacal gardens of Spencer-Aviary: but it ſtill remains with us to give an account of a very extraordinary

traordinary repoſitory for the feathered kingdom, of which Mr. Charlton, in his latter days, was ſo immoderately fond, that he was at an immenſe expenſe in making it complete. The name of this place, as the reader already conjectures, gave to the eſtate its title of THE AVIARY.

When Mr. Charlton purchaſed Beverly, there was on one ſide of the park a grove, compoſed of trees of almoſt every deſcription, that covered between four and five acres of ground, in the midſt of which ſtood a temple filled with cages for ſmall ſinging birds. Pleaſed with the harmony of their wild notes, he inſtantly conceived a deſign of making an Aviary of the whole grove, and completed it, in a very few years, to his perfect ſatisfaction. The ſhape of this leafy habitation was nearly ſquare; planted on every ſide with lofty trees that wore perpetual verdure; theſe were kept in ſuch exact order as gave an idea of perfect ſymmetry within, inſtead of which, the eye upon entering was delighted with the moſt

chanting irregularity. The grove was robbed of many of its trees to make way for ſpacious walks; graſs-plots; pieces of water, and various little temples; ſome open, and ſome ſurrounded with glaſs. In the centre, was a large rotundo, with ſloping banks, ſet round with lofty ever-greens and flowering ſhrubs. The whole of this grove, now called the Aviary, was encloſed by net-work, part of which was made of ſtrong ſilk and part of iron-wire; painted green. The height of the net at the top, was about twelve feet from the ground; but the trees growing through, burſting the ſilken ſquares as they enlarged, and riſing ſeveral yards above, prevented its being much obſerved; for, even between the trees, ſlender fibres of vines, woodbine and ivy were ſo conducted upon it, that without inſpection, it was not apt to catch the eye. In this encloſure were the feathered races of every deſcription, that could be procured from every quarter of the globe, all which, as nearly as poſſible, were accommodated

accommodated in their own native manner. Birds of prey had ſituations ſeparated from the harmleſs little ſongſters, which had full freedom to hop or fly about at pleaſure, throughout the reſt of the grove, and were rendered ſo extremely familiar by conſtant intercourſe, that they would feed from the hand of their viſitors without the leaſt appearance of alarm. The walks and benches in this beautiful Aviary were kept in the moſt perfect cleanlineſs by a number of children who were delighted with their employ, and whoſe labors were directed by ſome old people, who could no otherwiſe ſpend their time either uſefully or comfortably. Several little buildings, in romantic ſhapes, were fitted up with Franklin ſtoves, in different parts, which in the ſeverity of winter warmed the place, without incommoding its inhabitants. The grove that compoſed the Aviary was formerly the boundary of the park, but Mr. Charlton added a conſiderable quantity of land to the diſtrict within the pale on that ſide,

and made a kind of pleaſure-ground to encircle it. Not far from this ſpot was a creſcent that contained fifteen habitations, in the front of which were neat little gardens, encompaſſed with white pales. Theſe were reſidences for as many elderly or infirm people, whoſe weekly ſtipend was regulated by the price of proviſions. At a ſmall diſtance from this building, was another, which ſtood upon a ſquare, having a large court in the middle. This was deſtined for the inſtruction of children, where thirty of each ſex, whoſe parents were unable to provide for them, were boarded and taught every thing proper for ſuch children to learn, and afterwards were apprenticed, or fitted out for ſervice, as their ſtrength or abilities directed: two maſters and two miſtreſſes of the moſt exemplary characters were ſelected for the ſuperintendence of this ſeminary. In Mr. Charlton's time, the objects of both theſe benevolent inſtitutions were habited in an uniform; but this, Mr. Spencer judged it beſt to diſcontinue,

diſcontinue, as he wiſhed to avoid the appearance which he thought that it conveyed of oſtentation, and they were provided with neat dreſſes of various colors. The Creſcent, and the Square, were the ſimple names of theſe habitations of charity.

The whole of Mr. Charlton's park was a fine dry ſpot, though it was diverſified with ſome beautiful pieces of water, and this part, which had the additional advantage of being riſing ground, was defended on the north-eaſt ſide by a large plantation of oaks of ancient growth, through which were ſeveral ſpacious avenues.

Our readers who have taſte for rural elegance, will eaſily conceive the ſurpaſſing beauties of Mr. Charlton's habitation. Sometimes they will fancy themſelves walking through his gardens and various pieces of ground, deſtined for delight: at other times, ſitting in a ſultry ſummer's day in the midſt of his Aviary, liſtening to the harmony of the little feathered choriſters that hop before them on the verdant turf;

or viewing through the opening glades (the entrance to which were green wire gates, at that diſtance, almoſt imperceptible) the diſtant country. Then they will imagine themſelves removed to his ſtately apartments, admiring the fineſt pieces of painting that ever the pencil of an artiſt produced, and which covered the walls of almoſt every room in the houſe. Beſides purchaſing at almoſt any price, ſome of the beſt works of the ancients, Mr. Charlton had full length pieces of all his deſcendants taken by the moſt celebrated modern maſters. Amongſt theſe, Mr. Spencer, drawn by Gainſborough, ſtruck with attention the eye of every obſerver, as the ſweetneſs of his countenance, united to the fineneſs of his figure, gave a picture inexpreſſibly intereſting; eſpecially to thoſe who knew that his mind correſponded with his appearance.

CHAP.

CHAPTER V.

A mere Trifle.

THOSE who have travelled through our two laſt chapters, will, perhaps, allow the beauties of Spencer-Aviary to be ſome little excuſe for the ardent with which Eleanor Hatley encouraged for its poſſeſſion, while Matilda and Edward Spencer thought of no pleaſure beyond that of reſiding there with their grandfather, for whom they had as ſtrong an affection as their young hearts were capable of experiencing. The good man endeavoured to diſpoſe of his parental love in as equal a manner as poſſible amongſt his grandchildren, yet in ſpite of his care to avoid partiality, Edward and Matilda, by whom he was ever received with an artleſs, gladſome ſmile, had each a larger ſhare than Eleanor, who always ſeemed as if ſhe was afraid of

his inquiring eye: but he never permitted any preference to appear. Whatever money he gave to the two firſt, they were ſure to diſpoſe of early; often amongſt their leſs rich companions; but Eleanor carefully depoſited her's in her little cabinet, till ſhe had an opportunity of going to a milliner's to buy ſome finery for her perſon; for though ſhe was covetous, ſhe was very proud; which qualities, ſtrange as the incongruous union may appear to thoſe unread in the book of the world, are often known, in this our day, to reſide in the ſame boſom.

Eleanor Hatley had a ſtrong deſire to be deemed "*a faſhionable-looking girl*"—a term ſhe had heard uſed by ſome neighbouring ladies, as deſcriptive of all that a young woman ought to be: and ſhe had a right to the diſtinction, for no girl of her age ever put on her cloaths with a better air; every thing upon her looked genteel, and as if made for her; yet, whenever the ſiſters appeared together, though Eleanor might

might firſt catch the eye of admiration, it always reſted upon Matilda.

The diſpoſition which Mr. Charlton made of his eſtate, gave conſiderable concern to Mr. Spencer. He wiſhed that there had been an equal diviſion of the property; but if any difference *muſt* have been made, he thought that Edward Spencer had, in every reſpect, the preferable claim. *His* Father was the eldeſt child, and the only ſon left by Mr. Charlton's daughter. *He* was likewiſe the eldeſt grandchild and only grandſon of the family. No wonder then that Mr. Charlton's will gave Mr. Spencer ſome uneaſineſs: but as it was not to be revoked, he determined to uſe the power which it gave him, by with-holding his formal conſent to the marriage of either of the Miſſes Hatley till that of Edward Spencer ſhould be firſt celebrated. Not that this good man had the preſumption to think of ruling the event. No: he only thought it right, as the matter in this point was veſted in him, to direct in this ſingle

inſtance, and leave the conſequence to ſuperior diſpoſal. And ſurely he did not judge amiſs: we, doubtleſs ought to uſe the means which appear to be put into our hands to produce a deſired good effect, and then to reſt reſigned; depending upon this truth—that though we may, at firſt, or even in the end, find our *expectations* diſappointed, ſtill our *happineſs* will be the certain effect of a firm and pious truſt in the ſupreme and philanthropic Diſpoſer of all events.

"O monſtrous! the writer of all this "ſtuff muſt be ſome *antiquated old Parſon.* "I hate parſons' writings and wont never "read no more of this."

Juſt as you pleaſe about that, Miſs: for though I conſider your diſapprobation as the higheſt honour which I can receive, I am rather ſorry you ſhould deprive yourſelf of the improvement for which you ſeem to have ſo much occaſion. But ſince you have interrupted my diſcourſe, I will interrupt my narrative by finiſhing the chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

An Introduction to ſome new Acquaintance.

AFTER the death of Mr. Charlton, Mr. Spencer removed to the Aviary, leaving his old habitation, which was a pretty rural ſpot, and not more than half a mile from the park-pale of his new one, to the care of a couple of ſervants who had long lived in his family, and had for ſome years been married. He wiſhed to have the ſhrubbery kept in order, that Edward, if he choſe it, might make it his home upon his marriage; an event which he could not help wiſhing might take place at an early period; and on the proſpect of which he ſent him abroad much ſooner than he otherwiſe would have thought of doing, under the care of a young Clergyman, whoſe manners were poliſhed; whoſe erudition was profound, and whoſe knowledge was univerſal.

In

In the neighbourhood of Spencer-Aviary, lived a Mr. and Mrs. Abington—a couple who had experienced a ſeries of misfortunes through the ill treatment of their relations; but who, happy in themſelves, had retired to a ſmall genteel houſe, in the village contiguous to Spencer-Aviary, to enjoy the remnant of their once ſplendid fortune in rural felicity, with their ſon and three daughters. In this retirement they were juſt fixed before the death of Mr. Charlton, who, intimately acquainted with the father of Mr. Abington, had invited him into the vicinity with an intention of being a friend to him; an intention which the benevolent Mr. Spencer more than fulfilled. For this conduct Mr. Spencer ſoon found himſelf amply rewarded by the acquiſition of a moſt valuable acquaintance; Mr. Abington being the exact character to ſuit this good man's diſpoſition.

The children of this couple had for ſome time been diſperſed amongſt their friends in London. George, who was the eldeſt, had

had been placed at Eton by a merchant, whoſe death occaſioned the young man's return to his parents. Sophia, the ſecond, and Emily, the third, were at a boarding-ſchool at Chelſea, the governeſs of which, being the widow of a clergyman, who had enjoyed a conſiderable benefice from Mr. Abington's father, and being influenced by the obſolete principle of gratitude, earneſtly entreated to be permitted the pleaſure of educating the two eldeſt grand-daughters of her huſband's benefactor. Miſs Martha, the youngeſt, was, in this inſtance, out of the queſtion, having been taken by Mrs. Dormer, a widow lady, who ſpent her time and her fortune at the different watering-places in this kingdom, till ſhe ſubmitted for the ſecond time to the authority of a huſband. On this event ſhe diſmiſſed her young companion; and Miſs Martha went down to Beverly, (Mr. Charlton's village) before the reſt of the children returned from ſchool. George was the next who was introduced at the Aviary, where he was

very

very cordially received, and in a ſhort time, Edward Spencer and he found themſelves ſo happy in each other's ſociety, that a ſtrict friendſhip took place between them. This determined Mr. Spencer to make George the companion of his grandſon in his travels, to the great ſatisfaction of Mr. and Mrs. Abington, and to the mutual advantage and happineſs of the boys, who ſet out with their tutor and two ſervants, to make firſt the tour of England, and after that, of foreign countries. Through this, however, it does not ſuit our convenience to attend them, as we find ourſelves engaged in other and more neceſſary affairs.

It is to be obſerved that previous to the arrangements of which we have been giving an account (for we are not to be circumſcribed in our fancy, though it ſhould lead us to relate events a little out of their rotation) Mr. Spencer and his grandchildren lived ſome time at Spencer Aviary; where the improvements of the young people went on rapidly, and the affection be-

tween

tween Edward and Matilda daily encreaſed, while Eleanor ſtill kept herſelf more at a diſtance. Taught from the conſciouſneſs of her own cunning, ſhe imbibed a jealouſy that her ſiſter and couſin were contriving ſomething to her diſadvantage; but what, ſhe was unable to conjecture. Mr. Spencer thought it time enough to acquaint them with the particulars of Mr. Charlton's will, when they ſhould more nearly have attained to what are called *years of diſcretion.* At what period of life, however, theſe years of diſcretion commence, we never yet could find aſcertained. With ſome perſons they may poſſibly be advancing on the puerile ſide of twenty, while in others they may not appear till they have ſeen their great grandchildren. For inſtance--if a young lady of ſeventeen marries a gentleman verging upon fourſcore, with a view to ſecure to herſelf the jointure of a foreign princeſs, it will, by all the prudent part of the world, be allowed that ſhe is arrived at *years of diſcretion,* when,

at

at the ſame time it may be ſuppoſed, that the grand-climacterical youth has more years to wait than it is probable death will afford him, before he can reach the period in queſtion. As a ſecond inſtance—an elderly widow gentlewoman, with a handſome dower, will ſometimes accept a young flaſhy Captain, with no fortune but his cockade. Here it may be preſumed the lady has *out-lived* her diſcretionary term, and that the gentleman will not reach his, till after the death of his cara ſpoſa, when, if the quondam dowager has bleſſed him more years than he expected, he, as a proof of being at laſt diſcreet, holds out the golden lure, which his late dear left in his poſſeſſion, to juſt ſuch a blooming beauty as would have engaged his wiſhes when he firſt approached the hymeneal altar.

Before we diſmiſs this ſubject, let us do that juſtice to ſome few unequally-aged couples, which we are convinced they deſerve, by declaring it our belief that conjugal

gal affection and a purely diſintereſted paſſion may ſometimes unite the young and the old: but as we doubt that this is frequently the caſe, we hold ourſelves juſtified in treating the ſubject with an air of levity; though we ſhould be hurt were we thus to pain any of thoſe who, by the ſingularity of their choice, have drawn upon themſelves the unmerited cenſure of having bartered their affections, and conſequently their happineſs for pecuniary intereſt.

We have ſaid that Mr. Spencer did not think it neceſſary to declare to his grandchildren the tenor of Mr. Charlton's will, and when the digreſſing ſpirit ſeized our pen, were going to obſerve, that had Eleanor known the particulars, ſhe would immediately have fancied that Edward and Matilda had already entertained a deſign of uniting themſelves by a future marriage; for as her little heart was capable of forming ſuch kind of plans, ſhe naturally ſuſpected that cunning in others of which ſhe was ſo early a miſtreſs.

We

We will now ſuppoſe the time to be arrived when Edward Spencer and his friend ſet out upon their travels; about which period two miſſes of the name of Starlin, who bore ſome relation to Mr. Charlton, came down to Beverly. Theſe ladies had twice viſited Mr. Spencer during his reſidence at the Shrubbery, of which "*Sweet! pretty! dear! neat place!*"—theſe ladies, not yet perhaps arrived at *years of diſcretion*, would neither of them have had any objection to be miſtreſs; an opinion which gathered ſome ſtrength from their often "*proteſting*" that it was "*ten thouſands of pities ſo ſweet* "*a man—ſo charming a man—and ſo hand-* "*ſome a man too,*" as Mr. Spencer, ſhould deny himſelf the happineſs "*of an agreeable* "*ſecond lady!*"

Theſe were the ſentiments of both ſiſters, but the language only of the youngeſt; the other being a gentlewoman of too much form and conſequence to give her opinion ſo familiarly.

Miſs Starlin, whoſe name was Penelope, was

was so nearly arrived at the period, which, whether in the married or single (when it has its due accompaniments) we truly venerate, that we should not particularly mention the circumstance, did not she lead us to observe it, by the affectation of a character ill suited to her time of life. The pretty, delicate, timid airs, which she always assumed, would convey, if represented to our readers, an idea of her not having counted twenty-five, when, in fact, she had long ago doubled that number. Miss Starlin had a fair complexion and light hair, which preserved in her an appearance of youth till a late period; but that appearance at length fled, and almost all the letters of threescore were now legible upon her forehead.

Miss Peggy Starlin, about a year younger than her sister, had been a pretty, and was still a very lively brunette. She was continually flirting and jumping about to show her agility; for as Miss Starlin chose the softness of eighteen, Miss Peggy thought it

it incumbent upon her to aſſume the unthinking livelineſs of a ſtill more youthful age. Nothing could be more unbecoming than the conduct of theſe ladies; and inſtead of being reſpected on account of the years which they had reached, they were by thoſe very years rendered the more deſpicable.

Do not miſtake us, gentle reader, by ſuppoſing that we are ſo deficient in right ſentiment as to be capable of ſatirizing the infirmities of nature: the weakeſt head, when united with a valuable heart, has our pity and regard, whilſt a heart of guile, though connected with a head informed by the brighteſt intellect, poſſeſſes our abhorrence and contempt.

After the departure of the Miſſes Starlin from the Aviary, Mr. Spencer received a letter from a lady in London, intimating an intention of making him a viſit, as ſhe had a great deſire to ſee the daughters of her deceaſed couſin, Sir Everard Hatley. For him, indeed, ſhe had always profeſſed much

much regard; though for his ſiſter, the mother of E. Spencer, her affections had been annihilated, in conſequence of a conſiderable legacy having been left by a common relation to that lady, in preference to herſelf.

To her letter Mr. Spencer ſent a polite anſwer; thanking her for her deſign, and requeſting to be favoured with her company as ſoon as ſhe could make it convenient to herſelf. In a few days, therefore, ſhe appeared in the country, and was received by Mr. Spencer with that politeneſs and hoſpitality which always diſtinguiſhed his character.

Mrs. Hutchinſon—the name of our new viſitant at the Aviary—made a ſtay there of ſeveral weeks; declared herſelf much pleaſed with her young couſins, and propoſed taking them with her on her return to London, to ſpend ſome time in Berkley-ſquare, where ſhe lived *quite in ſtyle*; being a woman poſſeſſed of a large fortune, and who prided herſelf on her deſcent.

As

As Mr. Spencer could not object to the propoſal, the young ladies were made acquainted with the leave which they had to attend Mrs. Hutchinſon, and the eyes of Eleanor, now near fifteen, ſparkled with joy, while thoſe of Matilda were moiſtened with tears. Upon an enquiry into the cauſe of her ſorrow, ſhe expreſſed with ſobs her unwillingneſs to go from her grandfather, and reſiſting many arguments to induce her to alter her wiſhes, ſhe was left behind by Mrs. Hutchinſon, who ſet off in the courſe of a few days with the delighted Eleanor as her only companion.

CHAP. VII.

Symptoms of Affection too refined for common Uſe.

FOR the period of nearly two years, nothing material occurred to any branch of the Spencer family worth our relating

lating. The exemplary philanthropiſt, who occupied the Aviary, employed all his time in an endeavour to benefit his fellow creatures; diſpenſing the ſuperabundant bleſſings which the great Father of all had committed to his ſtewardſhip, in the manner which he thought would moſt conduce to the temporal and ſpiritual good of all within his vortex. Mr. Abington was his friend and aſſiſtant; and Mrs. Abington had her allotted ſhare in the diſtribution; while her daughters, now all arrived at Beverly, were conſtantly called to attend the leſſons which Matilda continued to receive from her ſeveral inſtructors. Sophia, the eldeſt ſiſter, was Matilda's favorite; and indeed moſt deſervedly ſo: for both her perſon and mind were formed to win the hearts of all with whom ſhe was acquainted. She was about ſix months younger than Miſs Hatley.

Eleanor's reſidence in London was lengthened greatly beyond the given term. Week after week; month after month, paſſed

away, till an entire twelvemonth had elapſed before ſhe thought of fixing any time for her return. Mr. Spencer, at length, peremptorily inſiſted upon her leaving London; ſhe having frequently put him off with firſt one excuſe, then another, for her longer continuance with Mrs. Hutchinſon, but now, ſhe found herſelf neceſſitated to obey his mandate, and promiſed to be at Spencer-Aviary, at the end of a month.

Matilda Hatley, and Sophia Abington conſtantly correſponded with their travelling relations. The letters on both ſides were entertaining and inſtructing: with thoſe of Sophia, Edward Spencer was ſo charmed, that he ardently wiſhed for the time of their return, that he might ſee the fair who had captivated his underſtanding; while George Abington, pleaſed even before he left Beverly, with Miſs Hatley's engaging form, found himſelf very much like being in love with the ſiſter of his friend.

This kind of affection may ſeem very

ſtrange

ſtrange to ſome of our readers; while others may, happily, be of ſuch a texture as to feel its refinement. To theſe, nothing more need be ſaid; and to the former, all that we *can* ſay will be given in vain; as the ſomething wrong in either their heads or their breaſts, which occaſions their wonder, will likewiſe render them inſenſible to explanation.

That theſe young people were all greatly prepoſſeſſed in each other's favor, and, at leaſt, prepared for being what is called in love, is a matter of fact, which gave the good grandfather, who obſerved the progreſs of the bias in the fair ones minds, much ſatisfaction; but he would not mention it to Mr. Abington, leaſt any thing ſhould ariſe to diſappoint what could not but afford much pleaſure, in idea, to both him and his Lady.

The arrangements Mr. Spencer made at the Aviary were very benevolent ones, and as we ſhall not, till the return of our young

people, have much buſineſs upon our hands, we will offer them to the reader's inſpection.

CHAP. VIII.

Mr. Spencer's Arrangements of the Aviary, which thoſe who object to Arrangements are not bound to peruſe.

OUR preſent date is five years after the death of Mr. Charlton; at which period Mr. Spencer ſaw the Aviary eſtate in the ſituation in which he wiſhed it ſhould be before his death.

Mr. Charlton, as has been intimated, was a man of great ingenuity, but ſomewhat whimſical, and who limited all his ideas of improvement within the circuit of his park. The ſurrounding village, in a beautiful ſituation, was when he left it nearly depopulated, in conſequence of moſt of the houſes being too much out of repair for

for the reſidence of people in genteel life: Mr. Abington's, indeed, which Mr. Charlton had purpoſely fitted up for him, was almoſt the only one in tolerable condition. The cauſe of the deſertion of this pretty place originated with Lord Brumpley (of whom Mr. Charlton purchaſed it), who was ſo haughty, ſo deſpotic, and ſo oppreſſive, that nobody of any reſpectability would live near him, nor any one, who could get land elſewhere, farm under him. His terms were ſo ſevere that no perſons of ſmall, or moderate property could riſe to his demands; and his whole eſtate ſoon fell into the hands of a few men who were rich enough to live independently of their farms. Even to theſe he refuſed the permanency of a leaſe, as he wiſhed to keep them in ſubmiſſion; and on the ſmalleſt offence, particularly if it related to hares, pheaſants, partridges, &c. to expel them from their occupations. If at any time they met him in any of his walks, they were obliged to turn out of his path, as he would ſcarce

permit them to look at—much leſs to ſpeak to him, and even the old and reverend clergyman of the pariſh, who had been his tutor, was not exempted from a feeling of his inſolent and offenſive ſuperiority.

We will now obſerve to our readers, who we ſuppoſe are of the graver ſort, as the maſters and miſſes that hunt for fun and ſtory, ſkip every paſſage which might poſſibly afford ſome degree of inſtruction to their little tinſel minds, that "were it not "frequent, 'twou'd be wonderful," how men whoſe underſtandings have received any benefit from the uſe of letters, can be ſo incorrigibly ſtupid as to perſiſt in thinking any incidental advantages capable of giving one creature a right to treat another as if he were of a different order of beings. Do not miſtake us, good Chriſtian reader—we are not contending for ſuch a levelling principle, as amongſt ſome few mal-contents has appeared in a ſtrong and deſtructive form. No: we wiſh to have that due ſubordination continued, which

which the Great Creator of the Univerſe has ordained to ſubſiſt in it, for the well-doing of the whole; and conſequently for the good of individuals. But we would have the great and mighty ones to remember, that they are of no more conſequence in the eye of GOD, than the moſt indigent of mortals. We want likewiſe to convince them there is a great difference between a condeſcending and a familiar behaviour. Allowing, as we have allowed, the neceſſity of a proper ſubordination, we think affability from the high to the low, the moſt likely means to preſerve it in the world; becauſe it then receives its ſecurity from the conſent of the people, who are always more ready to pay homage when it is not apparently exacted, than when arrogantly demanded. To carry our hints ſtill farther, the great inequality there is between the extremes of the ſubjects of this kingdom would not be ſo likely to raiſe commotions (as it is now to be dreaded that it ſome day will) if thoſe in the higheſt

ranks would lay aſide a little of that idle oſtentation of ſuperiority which they are ſo ready to exhibit, not only towards people whoſe ſituation is far removed from their own, but even to thoſe with whom they muſt neceſſarily often mix, and whoſe degree is not more than a ſtep or two beneath their own fancied elevation. What can more ſhow the folly of mankind, or what more juſtly the ridicule with which it is treated by every man of real underſtanding, than ſuch conduct as this? "The "doffed hat," and bending body to a ſuperior who receives the obeiſance with a ſtiff-neck, and (if his haughtineſs be in high ſtyle) with averted looks, is generally accompanied with a hearty contempt; ſhewed, probably in a ſarcaſtic ſmile, as ſoon as he is paſt, and with a conſciouſneſs of real ſuperiority.

Mr. Charlton was too much intent upon other particulars to pay much attention to the ſituation of his tenants, which was an early object of Mr. Spencer's ſolicitude.

He

He ſoon made a proper diſtribution of the land, upon which he built a great number of houſes, all the old ones being in ſuch a ruinous ſtate that there was no living in them with that degree of comfort which his benevolent heart wiſhed every individual around him to enjoy. Even the cottages which he erected for the laborers, were replete with all the conveniencies ſuitable for people in that department.

The farms were, now, none of them more than two hundred pounds a year, and many ſo low as thirty; it being Mr. Spencer's pleaſure to enable perſons with ſmall beginnings to increaſe their property, that he might remove them when opportunity ſerved, to larger occupations. When they firſt became tenants upon the eſtate, he tried them with ſhort leaſes, and promiſed to recommend it to his ſucceſſor, if he ſhould not ſurvive the terms, to allow them long ones, if they proved worthy. He likewiſe permitted them to ſport upon their own ground, ſo long as they obſerved modera-

tion; in which point, and indeed in all others, they obeyed him; for he was ſo greatly and univerſally beloved throughout the country, that his word was a general law; and people were happy in the change of the poſſeſſor of the Aviary; though Mr. Charlton was, in ſome reſpects, a tolerably good landlord.

As ſoon as Mr. Spencer had finiſhed his arrangements reſpecting the farms, his next care was to refit the buildings in the village, and to draw together a decent ſet of inhabitants. This deſign was facilitated by the beauty of the ſpot, for ſoon after they were repaired, the houſes were applied for by people of almoſt all deſcriptions; ſeveral profeſſional gentlemen, tradeſmen, and common mechanics, chuſing the ſituation, on account of its being at once agreeable and lucrative: this latter property it derived from the vicinity of many gentlemen's ſeats, and from Mr. Spencer's practice of advancing to young artificers divers ſums of money, to enable them to begin buſineſs in a decent

decent manner. In ſhort, he reſted not till Beverly was genteelly, uſefully, and numerouſly inhabited. All the families in a decent ſituation viſited him as if in an equal ſituation; not as if his preſence in their houſes conferred a favor: but he was careful to prevent his returns being expenſive to them. The ſecond ſort, who would have been pained had they been obliged to have mixed with the others, were hoſpitably entertained by his houſekeeper and butler; while the pooreſt had frequent acceſs to his kitchen: indeed, none who applied, except their characters were notoriouſly bad, were refuſed relief, and even the worſt ſort, were *charitably* treated, *becauſe* they were admoniſhed. Mr. Spencer (unlike Squire Oſtentation and Lady Popularity) not only forbad the receipt of vails, but took particular care that the order was *obſerved* as well as given; for the leaſt breach of his commands, in that particular, was never excuſed. His motive for ſeverity in this article, for the obſervance of

which his ſervants were amply recompenſed, was the humane conſideration that ſeveral of his friends would find it inconvenient to pay his domeſtics. Mr. Spencer's table was always furniſhed for whatever company might make their appearance at the Aviary, whether expected or not. He might be ſaid to keep open-houſe; every one being hoſpitably received, and entertained according to his wiſhes. But of all the actions which rendered this great philanthropiſt the bleſſing of the age, his conſtant endeavour to ſeek and relieve the ſilent ſufferers, in delicate ſituations, ſtood foremoſt: his munificence on ſuch occaſions being ſo exerciſed, that the obliged was almoſt led to think himſelf the obliger, and none within his vortex were long in want of what he could beſtow: it was indeed the buſineſs of his life to endeavor to increaſe the happineſs of others, for which reaſon he took great pains to bring the rector and his pariſhioners to a laſting compromiſe reſpecting tithes, which he effected,

effected, to the pleaſure and profit of both parties.

We will finiſh the account of this exemplary man, which, perhaps, moſt of our readers begin to think too long, with the reaſons he gave to an arrogant Squire of the name of Wilbert, who remonſtrated with him on the detriment his benevolent ſyſtem was to his ſurrounding neighbours; particularly objecting to the ſize of farms; his treatment of his tenants, relative to their leaſes, licence to ſport, &c. It was at a county meeting upon particular buſineſs, when Mr. Wilbert attacked Mr. Spencer reſpecting his conduct.

But before we give the ſubſtance of the good gentleman's reply, we will inform our readers that Mr. Wilbert was of that ſpecies of men which in make, mind, and manners, very much reſemble the animal frequently celebrated in Æſop's Fables under the appellation of A BEAR; indeed, ſo great was the affinity, that we believe the chief difference between them conſiſted in

the

the one having, and the other having not, the power of ſpeech. In the dialect in which his brother bruin would have delivered his ſentiments, had the advantage of articulation been on his ſide, did Mr. Wilbert attack Mr. Spencer's arrangements at the Aviary, in the preſence of a number of gentlemen. Mr. Spencer, with that animation, politeneſs, and deciſion, which ever diſtinguiſhed him—ſpoke as follows.

"With regard to the diviſion of my "land, Mr. Wilbert, it has ever been my "idea that it is injurious to ſociety for any "one man to have an enormous occupa-"tion, while there are ſo many honeſt, "induſtrious creatures, who would be "able to maintain a family, in a comfort-"able way, had they an opportunity of "cultivating a few acres; for the want of "which, they muſt go to daily labour, "and be miſerable dependants on the "farmer, whoſe equals they originally "were. Thus called upon to juſtify my "proceedings, it is neceſſary for me to "declare,

" declare, that I think it the indiſpenſible " duty of every one who has any quantity " of landed property, to diſpoſe of it in " ſuch a manner as will moſt conduce to " the benefit of thoſe who have not; for " which reaſon, I always allot a ſmall piece " to every cottage, that the labourer may " be enabled to keep a cow for the uſe of " his family. No individual is ſent into " this world to live merely for himſelf; " and ſtill leſs exempt than the reſt of his " ſpecies from performing the duties of " ſociety, is the man who is made one of " the ſtewards of the riches of the earth."

We will not interrupt ourſelves with recounting the objections of Mr. Wilbert to theſe ſentiments; as all he endeavoured to ſay, amounted to nothing more than a few native growlings, but finiſh, without obſervation, the ſum of Mr. Spencer's defence.

" It cannot be imagined," continued he, " that, at my time of life, a wiſh to " gain popularity can have any ſhare in my " motive for making the alterations at Be-

" verly,

" verly, to which you, Mr. Wilbert, ſo
" ſtrangely object. Self-intereſt, may more
" properly be attributed to me than oſten-
" tation, as I hold it next to an impoſſibi-
" lity that any man will, or can, ſo well
" cultivate a large tract of land as a
" moderate quantity. With reſpect to
" leaſes, which you ſo highly diſapprove—
" ſelf-intereſt, or, which is the ſame
" thing, the intereſt of my grand-children,
" is here, particularly, kept in view; for
" what perſon of any prudence would be
" at the expenſe of cultivating land, upon
" the probability of another's reaping the
" benefit. If it be anſwered that no land-
" lord of honor would turn a tenant out
" of his farm without juſt cauſe—then why
" *not* give him ſecurity for a term of years!
" Why leave him dependent on their own
" caprice—on the caprice of human na-
" ture! Why—let me ſeriouſly aſk—not
" ſet the honeſt-man's heart at reſt! To a
" bachelor, I never grant a leaſe, becauſe
" I do not, for many reaſons, wiſh to have

" one

" one tenant upon the eſtate unmarried.
" You next object to the permiſſion I give
" to the inhabitants of the village, as well
" as to thoſe who farm under me, to
" ſport, under certain conditions, upon the
" eſtate.

" *One* reaſon is, that I am convinced I
" have, upon this account, more game than
" I ſhould have otherwiſe. Every one is
" ſolicitous to preſerve it; and from the
" number of farm-houſes and cottages
" that are upon the eſtate, poachers have
" ſmall chance of eſcaping detection. If I
" wanted any farther excuſe on this head,
" I need but advance the farmer's having
" at leaſt an equal right with his landlord,
" to the creatures fed by his labour and
" at his expenſe.

" You diſapprove, likewiſe, of my ad-
" mitting my tenants—(ſome of them;
" for many of the loweſt claſs petition to
" be excuſed from going up)—to my own
" table.

" Without availing myſelf of the argu-
" ments

" ments with which Chriſtianity would fur-
" niſh me, let me aſk if they are my ſer-
" vants becauſe they pay me an equivalent
" for my land! Common unprejudiced
" reaſon tells me that they are not! *Some-*
" *body* muſt occupy my farms; or what
" muſt I do with them? They would lie
" upon my hands, and be uſeleſs: is not the
" obligation, therefore, mutual between
" the owner and the cultivator?"

Mr. Spencer then advanced ſeveral ſentiments reſpecting due ſubordination, and the moſt likely means to preſerve it, and evinced the propriety as well as the obligation of treating every man, be his ſtation ever ſo humble, with the reſpect which he merits, from reaſon; from morality, and from the ſtill ſuperior arguments which are ſuggeſted by religion.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

A Picture of modiſh Affection.

Gentlemen and Ladies of all deſcriptions!

AS ye have been heartily tired with the long *proſing—preaching—ſentimental ſtuff* (for that is the faſhionable dialect), with which moſt of the preceding chapters have been *crammed*: we will now endeavour to treat you with lighter diet; confeſſing we were willing to offer you a little wholeſome food, before we produced our flummery and whipt ſyllabubs. Whether ye have taſted—or if ye have, whether ye have had any reliſh for the ſolids we have ſet before you, we cannot tell. Perhaps ye have faſted, hitherto, in expectation of the coming deſert. But let us warn you, O ye lovers of frothy viands, that ye do not ſo vitiate your palates by feeding upon ſweetmeats, as to deſtroy your powers of digeſting

ing thoſe ſubſtantials which only can afford real nouriſhment. However, as we acknowledge that a variety, properly intermixed, may be very ſalutary, we will here offer you ſome trifles.

When Eleanor Hatley firſt returned from Berkley-ſquare to Spencer-Aviary, the great alteration in her appearance ſtruck every eye with aſtoniſhment. She was quite the fine lady—or, to ſpeak in modern language, "*a very faſhionable looking woman*;" a recommendation which is ſuppoſed, as we have ſaid, to include all that is deſirable in the fair ſex. Miſs Eleanor was certainly very much improved in her perſon; and having ſtudied under ſome of the beſt maſters in London, had attained to a conſiderable proficiency in dancing, drawing, muſick, &c. and yet, to an accurate obſerver ſhe was far from being amiable; a cautious cunning, and a certain ſomething of countenance, forbidding the ſocial heart to contract an intimate acquaintance with her. Miſs Martha Abington, who greatly reſembled

reſembled her in mind and manners, thought her all perfection; and they very ſoon entered into what they called a friendſhip.

During Eleanor Hatley's reſidence with Mrs. Hutchinſon, ſhe had learned all the particulars of the will of her great-grandfather; and it induced her, as the reader from his preſent knowledge of her diſpoſition will naturally conclude, to think of entering into ſome meaſures which might give her's, if not her, poſſeſſion of Spencer-Aviary. Conſiſtently with her wiſhes, ſhe was, while in Berkley-ſquare, addreſſed by a number of young ſmarts, who attended the *little ſuppers* given by the lady of the houſe. On all theſe ſhe looked for ſome time with equal indifference; till one above the reſt at length attracted her attention, while ſhe particularly engaged his, from the information which he had ſought and gained of her family circumſtances.

The name of this gentleman was Perci-

val.

val. His figure was tall and ſtriking; his countenance keen; his age twenty-three; his temper like that of Eleanor Hatley.

Mr. Percival was the only ſon of a widow who was left by her huſband, over whom ſhe had always maintained an abſolute ſway, with two children and a tolerable eſtate, entirely in her own power. Her daughter, a beautiful and an amiable young woman, had, without her conſent, married an officer of the name of Montague; and ſince that occurrence had never been admitted into her preſence. The ſon continued with his mother, and by her was tutored to advance his fortune with ſome credulous and rich fair. He had, however, failed in every preceding attempt, when, caſting his eyes on Miſs Hatley, who was young, and by her appearance a girl of fortune, he determined to be early in laying ſiege to her affection, which he ſuppoſed, unlearned as ſhe ſeemed in the ways of life, might be ſecured without much difficulty. In this, however, he was conſiderably miſtaken; for

for Eleanor Hatley, expecting ſomething much ſuperior to what Mr. Percival could offer, paid but little attention to his aſſiduities. When, upon more minute enquiry, he learned the particulars of Mr. Charlton's will, he was almoſt diſcouraged from any farther purſuit; concluding that, on that account, it would be difficult to gain her. But, educated in cunning, as Mr. Percival was, he was here again miſtaken. The very circumſtance which he imagined to be deſtructive to his wiſhes, accelerated their accompliſhment: for no ſooner was the young lady made acquainted by Mrs. Hutchinſon with the arrangement eſtabliſhed by her great-grandfather, and with Mr. Spencer's wiſh to have her couſin Edward firſt married, a circumſtance with which Mrs. Hutchinſon was much diſpleaſed, than ſhe determined *to look about her*, and to ſecure, if poſſible, the coveted inheritance.

At the time of which we are ſpeaking, ſhe was not more than ſixteen years of age, yet

yet even then did this designing girl lay first one plan, then another, and then another, to draw her grandfather's consent to her marriage with some one of her admirers, (and she hardly cared which,) that flattered her vanity, before the return of her cousin. Yet she imagined it would be a difficult point to compass, as Mr. Spencer had declared that he did not consider it as unjust to with-hold the *formal* sanction to the marriage of his grand-daughters, which Mr. Charlton's will required, as he should not, by any exertion of his power as their guardian, prevent them from uniting themselves to gentlemen whom he approved; and as he thought that the very handsome fortunes which they had and would have, were sufficient for girls of even the first rank in England. This was very unnecessarily represented by Mrs. Hutchinson in heightened colors to Miss Eleanor, who immediately set all her little wits at work to form schemes for the accomplishment of her wishes.

In

In one of her reveries on this ſubject, Mr. Percival made his appearance. He perceived that ſhe looked thoughtful, and with much apparent tenderneſs enquiring the occaſion, with ſome management, after ſome fineſſe on his part and her's, he diſcovered it. An eclairciſſement took place, and affairs were ſoon in ſuch forwardneſs that they united heartily in the ſame cauſe. Eleanor Hatley ſaw in Mr. Percival the very Machiavel ſhe wanted. Mr. Percival found in Eleanor all that he wiſhed—a woman poſſeſſed of fortune, and ready to beſtow it upon him.

A family compact now took place. Mr. Percival, before a viſitor, now became an intimate in the family of Mrs. Hutchinſon, who was eaſily brought to enter into the views of the young people; and before Eleanor left London, every thing was ſettled reſpecting their future proceedings. Accordingly, ſoon after her return into the country, Mr. Percival wrote a letter to Mr. Spencer, which was accompanied by one

from Mrs. Hutchinſon; the firſt, a propoſal reſpecting the young lady, and the other dictated by Mrs. Hutchinſon, who directed a good underſtanding to bad purpoſes, as high a recommendation of the propoſer, as language could convey.

From the character given of Mr. Percival, and the prepoſſeſſion in his favour which Miſs Eleanor thought fit to acknowledge, Mr. Spencer could not form any reaſonable objection to the alliance: for though his grand-daughter's fortune might demand a gentleman with a larger eſtate, Mr. Spencer's ſentiments, which Eleanor very well knew, would not permit him, on that account, to diſapprove of her choice. Mr. Percival was a gentleman—a gentleman of good character—Miſs Eleanor had given him her heart—and there was, between them, a ſufficiency to ſupport a family in gentility. This, to a man of Mr. Spencer's principles, was all that could be required. He anſwered both the letters with that explicitneſs which was inſepa-

rable

rable from his every action, saying, that the character of the gentleman was such as could not be objected to, but that he could not give his consent to his grand-daughter's so soon entering into matrimonial engagements. This answer produced Mr. Percival's appearance at Spencer-Aviary, where he was received with politeness by its benevolent possessor; with native good humour by Matilda, and with caution and affected modesty by the object of attraction.

Mr. Percival could suit his behaviour to almost every company, and he studiously attempted to be pleasing to the grandfather of his Eleanor, yet he failed in his design. Mr. Spencer saw—or instinctively perceived——an inexpressible something which prevented him from looking on Mr. Percival with pleasure as the future husband for Eleanor Hatley. Something like a persuasion, (for we know no apter phrase to express our meaning) seemed to prohibit every idea of congeniality between these opposite characters.

And here, gentle reader, we will ſtop to aſk thee if thou art a ſtranger to the perſuaſion of which we have given an intimation? If thou art, no words can convey to thee any ſenſe of it. If thou art not, thou knoweſt what we mean, without our ſaying any more upon the ſubject. But in either caſe, accept a hint which may be ſerviceable: never, without examination, rely too implicitly upon this feeling, leſt, in thy haſte, thou ſhouldſt yield to a falſe impulſe; but never inattentively diſcard it, leſt it ſhould be found that thou haſt rejected the truth.

And now, of whatſoever complexion thou art, thou wilt be ready to aſk of what religion we are profeſſors.

Of the CHRISTIAN, good Sir, and deſire not—indeed we think we cannot attain—any greater diſtinction.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Which paves the Way to other Matters.

MR. SPENCER could not mix his mind with that of Mr. Percival.

It was the ſenſe of the laſt phraſe that related to our ſtory. What followed, was, we ſuſpect, written by ſome ſylph who gently ſtole our pen as we fell aſleep at the word congeniality! for, ladies, we would have you underſtand that we have our ſurrounding genii, to whom we apply upon every emergency; and that theſe genii have their ſylphs, who have ſtrict orders to attend us very diligently. As it will therefore ſometimes happen that we grow ſupine, and may perhaps drop or leave our pen, it will probably be taken up, to prevent the ſtory from dropping likewiſe, by one or other of theſe aerials—etherials—or whatever epithet they may deſerve; who, though of various orders, are all wiſe and good. For this reaſon we warn our readers,

and particularly our fair ones, to be careful how they find fault with what may be beyond the reach of their capacity; leſt they ſhould happen to cenſure the work of one of theſe immaterial beings, (for whoſe performances it muſt be remembered, we are not accountable); becauſe though our young ladies may not comprehend the force of the reaſoning, nor the foundation of the principle, they may depend upon it, that what is produced by theſe our ſuperintendents, cannot be erroneous.

Many little miſſes—nay, indeed ſome maſters, and thoſe pretty nearly approaching to the height of ſix feet—make it a rule to exclaim—"Nonſenſe"—"Stuff!"—"Ridiculous!" &c. whenever they meet with what they cannot underſtand. By which means, we beg leave to obſerve, that every line in the work of an author, of more than ordinary cleverneſs, runs the hazard of being ſaluted with theſe ſupercilious expreſſions, from the claſs of readers we have now in our *mind's eye*—a phraſe, my pretty dears! which we acknowledge

to

to have borrowed from a play written by one William Shakeſpear, who, as having been a man of neither faſhion nor fortune, can conſequently poſſeſs but little eſtimation in your opinions.

But to return from our ſecond, to our firſt digreſſion, and to finiſh both—All we allow to the little gentry whoſe minds are not ſufficiently capacious to admit the truth of our reaſonings, is a phraſe which we have heard from ſeveral pretty lips, the ſenſe of which, for it has been put into a variety of forms, is this. "*It may be true*; "*but I ſhall not believe it.*"

And now to advert to the lovers.

"The good man could not mix his mind "with the mind of Mr. Percival."

No; for they were of very different textures. The one was of pure ſpirit; the other a droſſy ſubſtance, with *oil* floating upon its ſurface; a very faſhionable compoſition for preſent faſhionable diſpoſitions.

Mr. Percival could not eaſily be perſuaded to relinquiſh his purſuit. The ſight of Spencer-Aviary had rivetted his affec-

tions to that and Eleanor; who now, in compliance with the opinion of her lover, thought it right to make an open avowal of her attachment. Mr. Spencer, therefore, judged it proper to be perfectly unreserved, in respect to his intentions relative to the marriage of his grandchildren. He declared his determination of not giving the formal approbation, requisite to entitle a child to the Aviary estate, till he saw Edward Spencer a husband. To this they opposed every argument art could suggest; but to no purpose: the utmost they could obtain was an assurance that the celebration of their nuptials (after the previous execution of proper settlements) should not, by him, be prevented; with a promise, if it should be their choice to postpone their intention, of giving the required sanction after the marriage of his grandson; for the excellent man had no idea so presumptuous as that of ruling the event. *All* his meaning was, not to give consent to any proposal which might, probably, entirely cut off from this only male heir

heir of the family, every poſſibility of ſeeing his deſcendants in poſſeſſion of the paternal eſtate.

As Mr. Spencer ſpoke with deliberate firmneſs, Mr. Percival and Eleanor Hatley thought it prudent to appear ſatisfied with his determination, and Mr. Percival returned to London; obtaining leave to correſpond with the young lady, and ſometimes to viſit at the Aviary. On theſe occaſions he took abundant care to remove any prejudice that Mr. Spencer might have entertained againſt him, on account of his ſolicitude to ſecure, with Miſs Eleanor, a probable right, for one of his children, to the eſtate, which was the great object to both the lovers, as they erroneouſly were termed. Mr. Percival's art was not entirely unſucceſsful; for though it could not remove Mr. Spencer's prepoſſeſſion in his diſfavor, it prevented ſuch an increaſe of it as could not have failed taking place with a man who had ſuch a ſhare of penetration, had not Mr. Percival with the utmoſt cau-

tion concealed the objectionable parts of his character.

Affairs now went on without any particular variation, till the return of Edward Spencer, with his friend, from foreign countries, an event which gave great joy to every individual concerned. Mr. Spencer ſaw in his grandſon all that he wiſhed to ſee. He was, indeed, a fine young man in his perſon; had an excellent underſtanding, which had been properly cultivated, and a diſpoſition that gained him univerſal approbation.

George Abington was as much reſpected as his companion, and had ſimilar advantages of perſon; though not quite ſuch regularity of features; but Matilda Hatley thought he wanted no improvement.

CHAP. XI.

Of ſmall Conſequence.

WE will paſs over a variety of little preliminary incidents till the arrival of the period in which the partiality of Edward

Edward Spencer for Sophia Abington, and that of George Abington for Matilda Hatley produced an acknowledged affection, which met with the approbation of both families. Accordingly on the day which completed the twenty-first year of Edward's life, was he united to his Sophia, amidst the congratulations of his surrounding friends; after which they retired to the Shrubbery; Mr. Spencer having kept that mansion in order for his grandson's reception.

Previous to the celebration of the wedding, Mr. Percival, had for some time, been a visitor at the Aviary, and had received a promise from Mr. Spencer that he would give the required sanction to his marriage with Eleanor on the day that was to unite Mr. George Abington with Matilda; which was to be fixed at no very distant period.

After the visits occasioned by this first wedding were over, and the happy couple settled in their new habitation, which though

not ſo magnificent as the Aviary, was convenient and elegant, Mrs. Hutchinſon, accompanied by Mr. Percival, made another viſit to Mr. Spencer and his grand-daughters, and at her return, obtained the promiſe of ſeeing the young ladies before their entrance into the conjugal ſtate. Miſs Eleanor agreed to the propoſal with alacrity; but Matilda gave rather a reluctant conſent to their entreaties. Juſt before this party left the Aviary, the death of a Mr. Appleby occaſioned the ſale of an eſtate near the village of Beverly. The houſe in which he had reſided was large and ancient; but it was in a pleaſant ſituation. For this eſtate, Mr. Percival agreed, and, in a ſhort time, by the aſſiſtance of his mother, completed the purchaſe. This ſpot was particularly convenient to Mr. Percival's views, as it was contiguous to that which devolved to the Miſſes Hatley, upon the death of their father, which it was agreed ſhould be divided between them by two celebrated ſurveyors, upon their reſpective

ſpective marriages. It was likewiſe ſettled that Mrs. Percival ſhould reſide with her ſon and intended daughter-in-law (retaining the houſe in London for an occaſional abode), and that George Abington and Matilda ſhould live at the Aviary with the venerable anceſtor, during his reſidence in that envied habitation. To this propoſal, Eleanor immediately acceded: her reaſon—though not her profeſſed one—was her diſlike to continue under the penetrating eye of her benevolent parent; whoſe diſpoſition, as ſhe was conſciouſly convinced, was very oppoſite to her own, with which that of Mrs. Percival was greatly more congenial.

CHAP. XII.

The Story continues dull.

THE young ladies have now been ſome time in London: Eleanor immerſed in its gaieties; and Matilda ſighing for the

the tranquil pleaſures of Spencer-Aviary, from which ſhe never before was ſo long abſent; while Mr. Spencer was expecting their return with ſome impatience, though enjoying the proſpect which the indiſpoſition of the amiable wife of his grandſon opened to his wiſhes. Mrs. Spencer was, indeed, in what is called *the family way*, to the great ſatisfaction of the parties immediately intereſted. Even Eleanor Hatley, whoſe wedding day was fixed, received the intelligence with a ſmile, which we beg leave to aſſure our readers was ſincere. This young lady, with the advice of her worldly-wiſe mother-in-law elect, had furniſhed herſelf with ſo many reaſonable motives for being perfectly ſatisfied with this event, that ſhe did not even wiſh it otherwiſe.

Matilda, who during her reſidence in London, had frequently been viſited by Mr. George Abington, a young man deſerving of more attention than we have been able to afford him, now returned to Spencer-Aviary;

Aviary; but Eleanor complied with the entreaties of her London friends to continue in town till within two or three days before that appointed for the double nuptials. In the mean time Mr. Percival had completed every thing for their reception at the Lodge, which was the name of his newly purchaſed eſtate; it being determined that the London party ſhould go directly thither, and after the ceremony, retire to it again.

This proceeding was not, in the leaſt, agreeable to Mr. Spencer, whoſe truly beneficent ſoul wiſhed to ſee cordiality reign unboundedly throughout the univerſe, and moſt particularly amongſt the individuals of his own family: but Eleanor, once fixed in her plan, was not to be diverted from its execution.

The day was now arrived which was to convey the Londoners to Beverly, and the coach driven to the door. Eleanor Hatley, all evident delight, was going down to Mrs. Hutchinſon, to tell her that ſhe only waited

the

the return of her maid, who was gone for ſome ribbands which the milliner had omitted to put up with the reſt of the bridal finery, when her foot ſlipped from one of the ſtairs, and ſhe fell into the hall. She was immediately heard by the ſervants, who ran to ſee what occaſioned the noiſe, when they found her lying without any ſigns of life. The whole family were now about her; Mr. and Mrs. Percival, who had juſt before arrived at Mrs. Hutchinſon's, were very much alarmed. They immediately ſent for a ſurgeon, and before he could reach the houſe, for a phyſician. Upon carrying her into the parlour, ſhe ſomewhat revived, but was totally unable to ſtand. When the gentlemen of the faculty arrived and examined into the nature of the injury ſhe had received, they found that ſhe had diſlocated, in a very bad manner, her right knee. Inſtead of being conveyed into the coach, ſhe was carried to her chamber and put to bed, from whence, both the medical gentlemen gave it as their opinion

nion that she would not be well enough to be removed under a month. Upon hearing this, she was like a mad woman, and the violence of her passions actually occasioned a delirium. A messenger was immediately dispatched to Mr. Spencer, who, with Matilda, instantly set off for London, where they found Eleanor in a very dangerous situation. The prognostics of the doctors were more than verified: she was not able to leave her bed for five weeks, but at the end of that period, mended very fast, and began to be extremely urgent to go down to Beverly, that the matrimonial schemes might be resumed; for Matilda would not, on any account, think of entering into the conjugal state during her sister's confinement.

The period fixed for the two marriages once more arrived. On the preceding evening Eleanor and her friends reached the Lodge, from whence, as it was reckoned dangerous for her to walk, though but a few yards, she was carried in a sedan to the

the village church, where she was met by her sister and a large party from the Aviary, Shrubbery, and Mr. Abington's; but she could not be prevailed upon to return with them, assigning, as a new cause of objection, her inability to join in their festivities.

On the Sunday following the nuptial ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. George Abington, in conformity to the fashion of the times in which they lived, appeared at church, and after that, received and returned the visits of the surrounding gentry; but Eleanor (whom for the sake of distinction we shall hereafter term Mrs. Richard, or Mrs. R. Percival; except when we shall choose to say old Mrs. and young Mrs.; for that we shall do at pleasure), only received and returned cards of compliments; postponing her ceremonial till her perfect recovery.

We now see the family at Spencer-Aviary—that at the Shrubbery—and that of Mr. Abington, in perfect harmony with each other and with all the neighbourhood; every

every one admiring and taking examples from their conduct; while the Percivals confined themselves within their own narrow circle, and consequently were neither beloved nor respected. Miss Martha Abington, indeed, was their constant visitor; she having formed a close alliance with Mrs. Richard Percival, by whom she was united by a similar discordancy of disposition. Miss Emily, now called Miss Abington, was the delight of the other party: *her* temper resembling that of her sister Spencer.

CHAP. XIII.

The Introduction of a Stranger.

THE benevolent parent of these families now saw two of his grand-children as happy as he could wish them to be; Eleanor was not, perhaps, unhappy; but her mode of conduct when it pressed upon his

his mind, was an abatement of his tranquillity. He thought ſhe was exceſſively wrong; he did not approve of the people with whom ſhe had connected herſelf; but he wiſely endeavoured to ſhut the diſagreeable part from his view.

Mrs. Spencer was now adviſed, by her phyſicians, to forbear too much exerciſe; and it was thought proper for her to return, for the laſt time before her confinement, the viſits ſhe owed in the vicinity. The laſt ſhe made was to the Lodge; in which ſhe was accompanied by her grandfather and the Abingtons.

Towards the approach of night, Mrs. R. Percival was taken extremely ill; Mr. Edward Spencer was the firſt who obſerved the change in her countenance, and ſprang acroſs the room to ſupport her in his arms, as ſhe was near falling from the eaſy chair in which ſhe leaned, not yet being ſo recovered as to be able to ſit upright. She was now carried up ſtairs, and put to bed, where ſhe requeſted being left to herſelf,

at

at leaſt with only one ſervant. About an hour after, receiving for anſwer to their enquiries that ſhe was better, but not able to ſee company, the Spencers and Abingtons took their leave and returned, as was before agreed upon, to the Aviary, where it was determined Mrs. Spencer ſhould continue during her confinement. When they met in the morning, Mrs. R. Percival engroſſed their firſt converſation, and by univerſal deſire a ſervant was diſpatched with enquiries about her health; the anſwer to which threw them into the greateſt conſternation; for it was, that "*She was* "*as well as could be expected, and that the* "CHILD *was very well, likewiſe.*"

The whole of the artful ſchemes which had been carried on amongſt the Percivals, now flaſhed upon Mr. Spencer's imagination. Eleanor's lengthened ſtay in London —her going from thence to the Lodge, inſtead of to the Aviary—the affected continuance of lameneſs; always thought to be beyond the occaſion—her refuſal to receive company,

company, or to be ſeen by any one out of her eaſy chair—and the air of effrontery with which, as it was now recollected, the whole of their conduct had been diſtinguiſhed, convinced every one that the criminal proceeding had reſulted from a deliberate determination to diſappoint, if it were poſſible, Mr. Spencer's juſt wiſh of fixing the family of his grandſon in the paternal eſtate. This conviction was ſo juſtified by the reply of Mrs. Percival, in the preſence of her ſon, to the enquiries which were made, that Charity herſelf refuſed to waſte a ſigh on the guilty and fallen fair one.

Fruſtrated as Mr. Spencer's views were by this event, his concern for the infamous conduct of his grand-daughter, was what ſat moſt heavily upon his mind. Every principle in his heart revolted againſt the proceedings of the Percivals; who, with the utmoſt audacity triumphed in their ſucceſs.

Soon after the return of the ſervant from the Lodge, Mr. Clarkſom, the accoucheur of the village, called at the Aviary to enquire

quire about Mrs. Spencer's health. This gentleman, who was very prudent and ſkilful, had been ſummoned to Mrs. R. Percival about an hour after the departure of the Aviary party from the Lodge, and had delivered the lady of a ſon. He therefore confirmed to Mr. Spencer the ſubſtance of the ſervant's meſſage.

The news now became public. Every body inveighed againſt the vile conduct of the Percivals, except Miſs Martha Abington; and every body elſe determined upon not viſiting them. However, as on her recovery, Mrs. R. Percival went to church in form, and ſent cards of invitation to thoſe from whom ſhe had received cards upon her marriage, many, who where previouſly determined to avoid any intercourſe with her, were induced by her meaſures, to call upon her; and ſhe appeared ſo openly to defy the world's opinion, that whenever ſhe had company, the little Spencer-Hatley Percival was carried down to be admired. Patty Abington, who, young

as

as ſhe was, had already treaſured up many certain ſigns and tokens which would give an inſight into the future events of a child's life, ſaw, from a ring about his ankle; a ſpot on his neck; a red mark upon his arm, &c., that Maſter Percival would live to be the greateſt man in the country; and, by a mole-ſpot near his ear, predicted his being, one day, a prime miniſter.

To all this, Mrs. R. Percival gave ſtrong credence, and was every day ſecking for freſh information reſpecting her ſon's deſtiny, which her friend ceaſed not to affirm would be marked with fortunate circumſtances.

Some time after the birth of Maſter Percival, Mrs. Spencer preſented the family with a lovely girl, who was named Letitia. The beautiful features of this infant ſtruck every beholder with admiration, and every one lamented the treachery which had deprived her of her birth-right, as Spencer-Aviary might with juſtice be termed.

About ſix months after the above-mentioned little lady made her appearance upon this

this variable theatre, Maſter Perceival was attacked by the meaſles; a diſorder at that time prevalent amongſt the children of the neighbourhood. All the phyſicians in the country were ſummoned, and the utmoſt attention was afforded him by every female in the family; but notwithſtanding all their care, and in ſpite of Miſs Patty's predictions at his birth, this preſumptive heir to Spencer Aviary died on the ſeventh day of his illneſs. Mrs. Richard Perceival was now in a ſtate of diſtraction; and no wonder. All her plans diſappointed—at variance with her family—her reputation blaſted—*and to no purpoſe!* She was at this time, again *enceinte*, and the violent perturbation of her ſpirits nearly occaſioned her death; but the ſtrength of her conſtitution was triumphant, and ſhe was, in due time, delivered of another ſon, who was chriſtened Stephen, the name of Mr. Perceival's father. Patty Abington was now called upon to read *this* child's deſtiny, which, ſhe ſaid, would certainly be what

ſhe had pronounced for the other, the marks upon which ſhe had for ſome weeks obſerved to fade, and therefore expected its death, though ſhe would not ſhock her friend with her apprehenſions.

Mrs. R. Percival's health was now pretty well eſtabliſhed, but her ſpirits ſeemed to be ſunk beyond reſtoration; and, at times, her intellects were thought to be affected, ſo greatly had the diſappointment preyed upon her mind. At length ſhe ſent a ſupplicating letter to Spencer-Aviary—acknowledging and lamenting her crime—owning the juſtice of the diſpenſation which had deprived her of her child, and imploring a return of favor from her grandfather and couſins: and in a little time, a general reconciliation was the conſequence.

Soon after this, Mrs. Abington received a letter from the only brother who ever ſhewed her any affection. His name was Ruſſel. He had reſided for many years in the iſland of Madeira, where he had acquired a handſome fortune. From him

Mrs.

Mrs. Abington had frequently received conſiderable ſums of money. In the early part of his life he married a lady who died in a few years after their union, and as he had not any family, intended to make the children of his ſiſter Abington heirs to his property. On this account he ſent to requeſt that his nephew would immediately come over to him, as he had been ſome time ill, and was apprehenſive that he ſhould not recover.

This letter was an interruption to the happineſs of the ſocial families, but as the requiſition could not be refuſed, he ſet off with all poſſible expedition for Madeira; leaving his lady under an affliction, which all her friends exerted their endeavors to alleviate.

CHAPTER XIV.

To young Widows.

PEACE and frugality ſeemed now to be eſtabliſhed at Beverly. Every one appeared happy except the gentle, the tender, the amiable Mrs. G. Abington, whoſe anxiety for a beloved huſband debarred her from ſharing the apparent felicity around her; but the excellency of her underſtanding, diſpoſition, and principles, prevented her from diſturbing her friends with the terrors which ſhe could not remove from her ſpirits. She ſighed in ſecret, and in company endeavoured to be chearful.

We, juſt now, uſed the phraſe "*apparent* felicity;" Mrs. Richard Percival at that moment croſſing our ideas. This lady was indeed incapable of experiencing felicity in reality, while the daughter of her couſin was the preſumptive heireſs to Spencer Aviary. However, ſhe determined to diſ-

ſemble

ſemble her chagrin, nurſing the idea that kind chance, as ſhe termed it, might, poſſibly, put an end to the exiſtence of the little Letitia, as it had done to that of her firſt born ſon; and this poſſibility, by familiarity rendered probable, became ſo continually the ſubject of her contemplation, that ſhe was never happy but when muſing upon the event in perſpective. Happily, for the relief of her mind, her huſband and his mother indulged her in converſing upon her favorite topic, being no leſs deſirous than herſelf to ſee one of their deſcendants in poſſeſſion of the Aviary.

Continual was now the expectation of the Abingtons to hear from Madeira, yet day after day, week after week rolled on without that expectation being fulfilled. All that were concerned began to be alarmed; and Mrs. G. Abington felt more than her ſhare of the common uneaſineſs. Every rap at the door—every horſeman ſhe ſaw, threw her into tremors; and every day,

near an hour before the uſual time of the arrival of the poſt-boy did ſhe ſit in a bow-window with her eye fixed upon the road which led to the houſe, to watch his coming; ſpringing to the door when ſhe ſaw him, yet then not daring to aſk him for letters. In this ſituation ſhe continued for ſome time, till at length Mr. Abington wrote to Mr. Ruſſel for intelligence, and at the end of three months received the following reply.

MADEIRA, *Nov. 9th.*

"Your letter, my dear brother, has given "me concern beyond expreſſing. How "ſhall I anſwer it! What words uſe to tell "you that George has never yet reached "this iſland! I give you the dreadful in-"formation too abruptly, but you are for-"tified by Chriſtian philoſophy, and as you "have prudence in no ordinary degree, "you will, I am certain, be properly deli-"berate in communicating the intelligence "to the amiable woman whom our dear

"boy

" boy married; to his mother, and to his
" ſiſters. I fear—I greatly fear poor George
" is entirely loſt to us. By degrees I wiſh
" to tell you what I doubt is a certainty,
" yet cannot prevent the ardor of my af-
" fiction from ſhowing, at once, the fatal
" truth. Let me ſay that *it is indeed all*
" *over with him.* As ſoon as I received
" your enquiring letter, which told me he
" had ſailed from Briſtol in the Enterpriſe,
" Captain Williams, I loſt all hope. The
" certainty of his death ſucceeded in an in-
" ſtant, as intelligence of the fate of that
" ſhip had been received at our port ſome
" weeks before yours reached my hands.
" The Enterpriſe had ſailed from England
" in company with the Dolphin, the Har-
" mony and the Leopard, and had fallen in
" with the Tiber and Baltic. They kept
" near each other for ſeveral days, after
" which they encountered one of the moſt
" dreadful ſtorms I ever heard deſcribed;
" and were driven weſtward for twenty-
" eight hours. When the ſecond morning

" appeared, the Harmony and Tiber were
" within fight of each other, and both took
" up fome wreck known to belong to the
" Baltic; and a boat, which was afcertain-
" ed by the name on it to have been that
" of the Enterprife. Of all thefe fhips the
" Dolphin was the firft that was heard of.
" She touched at this ifland to refit, being
" bound, with the Harmony and Leopard,
" to the Eaft Indies: thefe two laft men-
" tioned came feparately within a few days
" after, and the next morning the Tiber
" arrived, but the Baltic and Enterprife are,
" doubtlefs, gone to the bottom.

" The affliction I feel upon this difpen-
" fation of Providence is greatly beyond
" expreffing, and almoft beyond even your
" imagination. George was to me as a
" fon. He was coming at my requeft, and
" to my affiftance! By my means, his pa-
" rents have been deprived of their chief
" hope; and I have been the occafion of
" my own lofs.

" Thefe recollections aggravate my grief;

" though

" though rightly conſidered, they ought
" not to occaſion any difference in our ſen-
" timents upon the event. If we do a right
" thing from right motives, whatever may
" be the reſult, we are juſtified: to judge
" by the effect is the wiſdom of a fool.

" I preſent theſe conſiderations to my
" mind's view continually, yet cannot, at
" times, forbear to *recriminate* upon myſelf.
" But to the All-wiſe Diſpoſer of events I
" endeavour to reſign, knowing that his
" goodneſs, as well as his power and wiſ-
" dom, is exerted in his diſpenſations for
" his children; conſiderations which will,
" I hope, have that force with you and
" yours I am conſcious they ought to have
" with me.

" Soon after I wrote my laſt, my diſor-
" der took a favourable turn; and, con-
" trary to all expectation, I am now en-
" tirely recovered. My affairs are likewiſe
" in ſo favourable a train, that I mean to
" quit Madeira and ſail for England in the
" firſt ſhip in which I can have tolerable

" accommodations, and hope to end my " days with you and my ſiſter. I will not " now ſay what an abatement I find in the " joy this intention has afforded me in con- " templation.

" You will preſent my affectionate re- " membrance to my ſiſter, Sophia, Emily " and Patty; and will believe me to be, " with the moſt faithful fraternal ſympathy,

" Yours,

" George Russel."

My tender-hearted readers will require no information reſpecting the effects this letter produced upon the intereſted inhabitants of Beverly. The married fair, whoſe heart beats high with conjugal affection—whoſe delicate ſenſibility is ever awake to the welfare of the beloved of her heart—whoſe intelligent eye receives additional luſtre from the refined ardency which glows in her breaſt, when ſhe firſt catches ſight of him after an abſence longer than ſhe expected—can feel for and will deeply ſympathize

ſympathize with the poor Matilda, when inſtead of receiving the aſſurance which her fond hope led her to expect, of the ſafety and approaching return of her dear George, ſhe was told that in this world *ſhe would never ſee him more.* Not that Mr. Abington communicated the fatal tidings in ſuch explicit terms. He only began to prepare her to receive them, when her fears, equally ſtrong and in continual balance with her hope, told her every thing at once. She ſaw the whole in vivid colors through the intended concealment, and ſank, e'er he could enter upon the dreadful particulars, into the arms of the diſtreſſed mother of her loſt huſband.

Every conſolation that could poſſibly be given under ſuch circumſtances, Mrs. G. Abington found in the tender ſoothings of her ſurrounding friends; but nothing could remove, or indeed alleviate, the poignancy of her diſtreſs. Yet ſhe did not murmur or repine: ſhe was too good a Chriſtian to be rebellious. Her grief was of the tender

kind, and ſhe prayed and ſtrove for reſignation: but for ſeveral years her thoughts were ſo perpetually, ſo entirely devoted to the memory of him whom ſhe had loſt, that ſhe ſeemed almoſt as if in continual expectation of ſeeing him; and would ſcarcely believe that her deprivation was real. Never could the faithfulneſs of her affection be prevailed upon to liſten to any of the numerous admirers who viſited, on her account, at Spencer-Aviary. The progreſs of time made no abatement in her conſtancy; nor could ſhe, at the expiration of the uſual period, be perſuaded to lay aſide her mourning habit. Yet her grief was chiefly ſolitary: for when in company with her friends, ſhe endeavoured to put on the reſemblance of chearfulneſs, that ſhe might not darken their enjoyments. Thus lived Mr. George Abington—admired—beloved; and a pattern of conjugal fidelity.

The ſorrow of the family for the heavy loſs they had ſuſtained, was ſtill lively when Mr. Ruſſel arrived from Madeira, and it

was

was not till long after, that their "grief "was so mellowed by time as to sub- "side into a pleasing remembrance." Mr. and Mrs. Abington, for their only son; the sisters, for their brother; Mr. Edward Spencer, for *the friend of his heart*, and the benevolent grandfather, for the worthy and amiable husband of his Matilda, felt very poignantly this loss to their society; and we find ourselves disposed to sympathize with each individual.

CHAP. XV.

Neither sentimental, nor otherwise.

AFTER the event last mentioned, nothing material occurred at Beverly for a considerable period, except the increase of the families of Mr. Edward Spencer and Mr. Percival. Lititia, the eldest child of the first, was at the time to which we

we chuſe to advance, between two and three years of age, and one of the loveliest little girls ever beheld; with a diſpoſition uncommonly ſweet, and an underſtanding already diſtinguiſhable.

The next in ſeniority, and younger only by a few months than Letitia, was Mr. Percival's ſon Stephen. Within a year after him, Mrs. Percival had two children at one birth, a boy and a girl; the firſt called Robert; the other Barbara, in honor of the notable dowager, her grandmother. Mr. Spencer's ſecond child was a daughter, of the name of Lucy, whoſe birth was ſucceeded by that of a ſtill-brother.

Diminiſhed only by the ſtill-remembered loſs of Mr. George Abington, happineſs ſeemed to reſide in the hearts of our *favorite* families at Beverly. Mr. Ruſſel enlivened every party in which he mixed; as there was a vein of humor in his diſpoſition which ſeemed always new and pleaſing. By his means the Abingtons were in a ſtate of affluence. Except Miſs Polly, every body

body regarded him with eſteem and affection; but that young lady had ſo ſmall a ſhare of tenderneſs in her compoſition, that the attachment between her and Mr. R. Percival engroſſed all that ſhe poſſeſſed. Like this her nominal friend, ſhe was proud and covetous. She was likewiſe conceited and envious in a high degree. The univerſal approbation given to her ſiſters and ſiſter-in-law, was a continual bane to her happineſs. She could not endure their being celebrated for qualities which ſhe thought, and which the Percivals aſſured her, ſhone much more conſpicuouſly in herſelf. She had a good face; was ſufficiently genteel, with an underſtanding above mediocrity, and cultivated by education: for Mrs. Dormer had taken care to have her inſtructed in the faſhionable branches of female learning. She, likewiſe, had the happy art of putting on her cloaths in a modiſh ſtyle, and had acquired that dignified appellation of "a very faſhionable-looking young woman." The fancied knowledge

knowledge ſhe had obtained of future events from ſigns, marks, &c. ſhe gained from an old female ſervant of Mrs. Dormer's, who had early imbibed thoſe ideas; and who had predicted that Miſs Martha would be raiſed by marriage to high rank. This the old fortune-teller had aſſured her would be her deſtiny, unleſs the gentleman whoſe ſtar met her's at her birth, ſhould die before he ſaw her. A fate ſo conſonant to the young lady's wiſhes, obtained her implicit belief, and whenever ſhe heard of the death of a young nobleman ſhe ſighed, on the apprehenſion of its being that of her conſort-elect. However inconſiſtent this foible may ſeem to be with a good underſtanding, it was really found combined with one in Patty Abington; who, though empowered by nature to be a pleaſing companion and a uſeful friend, proſtituted her talents to the moſt oppoſite purpoſes.

Mrs. Percival, by whom it is to be underſtood, we always mean the elder, ſaw Miſs

Miſs Patty's failings and made her advantages of them; for more cunning—more true ſubtilty than this Dowager poſſeſſed, never inhabited the breaſt of a female. She wiſhed to keep Miſs Patty in the intereſt of her family, therefore repreſented the injuſtice which ſhe ſaid her relations did her by not conſidering her as the firſt of her name.

"A young lady of *your* talents Miſs "Martha," would this artful dame exclaim, "ought to be looked up to upon "all occaſions."

"So I think, and always did think," ſaid Mrs. R. Percival, with ſeeming careleſſneſs in her manner. "Patty Abington is an "honor to the name ſhe bears."

"Nobody doubts that," rejoined Mr. Percival. "You are taking very unneceſ-"ſary pains, ladies, to point out what every "body ſees. But when you, my dear Miſs "Martha, are married into the rank you "certainly were formed to adorn, you will "find every body will do you juſtice."

Miſs

Miſs Martha had ſufficient underſtanding to receive this adulation in a decent manner, attributing their praiſes to their kindneſs; nevertheleſs, ſhe was conſciouſly ſatisfied that what they ſaid was true.

About this time almoſt all the children in the neighbourhood of Beverly were attacked with that frequently fatal diſorder called the chin-cough; or, as we think more properly, the whooping-cough. The little Spencers and Percivals ſuffered with the reſt. Letitia was the worſt, and it continued upon her ſo long, that the phyſicians apprehended its leading her into a conſumption. Change of air was ſtrongly adviſed, and the anxious friends immediately endeavoured to find an eligible ſituation, within a proper diſtance, to which their little darling might with ſafety be removed. After ſome enquiry, a woman who had formerly lived at the Aviary in the capacity of a chamber-maid; was married from thence, and left a widow with a daughter then ſix years of age, was deemed

a proper

a proper perſon to be entruſted with the care of the little ſick Letitia; ſhe being reckoned very clean and healthy, kind to the ſeveral nurſe-children with whom ſhe had been entruſted, and fixed in an airy ſpot, called Hilton, about three miles from Beverly. The only objection was the ſize of her habitation, which was ſo ſmall that ſhe could not lodge an attendant for the child; but the advantages were ſo peculiar, reſpecting ſituation, &c. that it was determined Letitia ſhould be carried to her houſe immediately. This was accordingly done, Mrs. Ellenſon being very glad to take the charge of her, as there was no doubt of the trouble being handſomely recompenſed. The child had not been at Hilton more than three days before her health appeared evidently to improve, and as the air ſeemed ſo well to agree with her, the doctors adviſed her being continued there till ſhe ſhould be perfectly reſtored. Twice in each day was the little Letitia viſited by two medical gentlemen of the

firſt

firſt repute in the neighbourhood; and it ſeldom happened that ſhe was not ſeen both morning and evening by one or other of the anxious friends from the Aviary, the Shrubbery or Mr. Abington's, ſo intereſted were they all in the life of this beautiful little girl. Mr. Ruſſel was her conſtant viſiter; and even the Percivals aſſumed a ſemblance of concern; which few people believed to be ſincere. When the child relapſed, Mrs. R. Percival's hopes were all awakened: when it mended, they fell; and according to the anſwers ſhe received to her conſtant morning enquiries were her ſpirits good or bad for the day.

CHAPTER XVI.

To young Parents.

SHORT, hitherto, has been the period of tranquillity enjoyed by the deſcendants of our good Mr. Spencer.

Will

Wilt thou, O reader! from that conſideration preſume to pronounce that they were not the favorites of Heaven! If thy complexion leads thee to form ſuch a dangerous concluſion, we adviſe thee to endeavour to root from thy heart the pernicious principle which actuates thy judgment. Remember that the Great Parent of the Univerſe is not leſs merciful, than powerful; not leſs good and kind, than wiſe. The lenity which would benefit one, would eventually injure another of the children; to all of whom this care is equally extended. At proper ſeaſons, we have each of us our ſhare of the good things of this world. Even what *we* call happineſs is more equally diſpenſed than a curſory view may induce us to ſuppoſe. If my *young* readers of whatever *age*, are not acquainted with this truth, they have much knowledge to acquire. Thinkeſt thou, whoſe circumſtances are but ſtraitly proportioned to thy ſtation, that the rich and great are at the ſummit of ſublunary felicity! Learn, if thou art ſo ignorant,

norant, to know better. Teach thy heart to believe that theſe outwardly ornamented ones have perplexities from which thou art exempt. And doſt thou, who art exalted in thy ſituation, look down—not with pity but with pride—upon thoſe who are below thy ideal exaltation; fancying they are not worthy to enjoy the bleſſings of the earth! If thou doſt—let me adviſe thee to accelerate thy freedom from this more dangerous miſtake. Open thy mind to the knowledge of their being in poſſeſſion of gifts, favors, joys, to which thou, perhaps, wilt ever remain a ſtranger.

The little Letitia Spencer was ſeveral weeks under the care of Mrs. Ellenſon; during which time the ſtrength of her conſtitution ſeemed to vanquiſh her diſorder; but one morning, when Mrs. Spencer was at Mr. Abington's, ſhe received an alarming meſſage from the nurſe, importing that the child had been ill all night, and begging to ſee ſome of the family immediately. Alarmed at the intelligence, Mrs. Spencer requeſted

requeſted her mother and ſiſters to go with her to Hilton; accordingly, the coach being then in waiting, they all ſet off, and when they arrived at Mrs. Ellenſon's found the child aſleep, the doctors having juſt before, given it ſomething compoſing. The nurſe ſeemed in great diſtreſs; ſaid, that Miſs Spencer had been ill almoſt continually, ſince eleven the evening before, and that at eight in the morning ſhe was ſeized with convulſions; upon which the nurſe had thought it neceſſary to ſend, firſt to Doctor Wilfred and Mr. Clarkſom, and then to Mrs. Spencer, as it appeared to her that the child was in the greateſt danger imaginable. The medical gentlemen gave it as their opinion that her danger was *not* ſo impending; comforting Mrs. Spencer with telling her that if the child could be kept in a gentle ſleep, they hoped ſhe ſhould ſoon be well again. The doctors then departed, leaving the anxious mother and her friends at Hilton, at which place they continued till late in the evening, and then

then ſet off for the Aviary, where they found Mr. Spencer, Mr. Abington, Mr. Ruſſel, and Mrs. G. Abington, in anxious expectation of ſome account ſubſequent to what they had received from Mr. Edward Spencer, who about the middle of the day went to make enquiries. Mrs. R. Percival had likewiſe been at Hilton, which was nearer to the Lodge than to either the Aviary or Shrubbery, and had put on a face of ſuch concern when ſhe was told of the child's danger; with how much ſincerity the reader may be left to conjecture. There were ſome people who, upon obſerving the ſigns of ſorrow which ſhe rather officiouſly diſplayed, did not ſcruple to intimate that it was "*a thouſand pities*" little Miſs was nurſed ſo near to "Mr. Percival's," and maliciouſly inſinuated that Mrs. Ellenſon had lately been very much careſſed at the Lodge, though they expreſſed their hope that nurſe knew better than to give the child "*any ſtuff to make it bad.*" Indeed, to acknowledge the truth, we our-

ſelves

ſelves are ſomewhat apprehenſive that this artful, envious family was capable of forming deſigns of a ſable hue, though we are unwilling to condemn, in an affair of ſuch conſequence, without a ſufficient evidence of guilt.

Upon the declaration of the medical gentlemen that they did not apprehend any danger of a relapſe, and with a promiſe from Mrs. Ellenſon to procure a man to ſit up in her houſe throughout the night; that in caſe of any unfavorable alteration he might be diſpatched for aſſiſtance, the anxious party returned to the Aviary; and retiring earlier than uſual, with the hope of getting ſome reſt after the fatigue of mind they had experienced, moſt of the family were aſleep when a violent ringing at the gate occaſioned an univerſal alarm. Mr. Edward Spencer ran to a window, when he was conjured by a man from below to haſten to Hilton, as Mrs. Ellenſon feared Miſs Letitia would die before any body could get near her. The man, whoſe name was

Taylor, ſaid he had ſet out the moment the alteration in the child took place, upon a horſe which was kept in readineſs, but that juſt before he reached Mr. Clarkſom's he was thrown with violence into a ditch, the creature having been frightened while going full ſpeed, by ſomething lying in a hedge; that when he got up he was obliged to haſten on foot to the doctor, as the horſe had gallopped off, and that afterwards he had run every ſtep of the way to the Aviary; he concluded with begging ſome of the family would go to Hilton with all poſſible expedition, as he was terribly afraid it would elſe be too late to ſee Miſs alive.

All this the man had full time to ſay to Mr. E. Spencer, who ſeemed to wiſh to prolong his ſtay at the window, dreading to communicate the intelligence to his lady, whoſe preſence, as he juſtly concluded, could not poſſibly benefit the child, and who probably would ſuffer injury by the journey. But it was impoſſible to keep from her the knowledge of the truth, and

as

as impoſſible, when ſhe was acquainted with it, to diſſuade her from going. The whole family was now informed of the occaſion of the alarm; the coach ordered, and Mr. E. Spencer, Mrs. Spencer, and the two Mrs. Abingtons driven off for Hilton. The night was exceeding dark and they could not go very faſt; but had they been two hours ſooner Mrs. Spencer would have received the ſame dreadful information—that of the death of her darling child. The firſt object which ſtruck her ſight when ſhe ruſhed into the houſe, was the lifeleſs infant upon the lap of the nurſe, who vowed ſhe never would remove it from that ſituation, till ſome of the family arrived. Neither of the doctors had been in time to be of ſervice. The child was dead before they reached the houſe; indeed before the meſſenger was gone a hundred yards from the door. When our readers are told that this poor babe had died in convulſions, and that it had bled from its mouth and noſe, of which ſtrong marks were viſible upon

its little face, the moſt heroic heart will not wonder that Mrs. Spencer, when ſhe beheld the ſhocking ſpectacle, ſhould fall ſenſeleſs into the arms of her ſurrounding friends. It was long before they could recover her; and when they ſucceeded, they only awakened her to the moſt poignant grief.

"My dear Sophia," ſaid Mr. E. Spencer, with his own heart labouring with its feelings, "moderate, if poſſible, the violence "of your affliction, leſt you endanger a "life ſtill more precious than that which "is loſt. Think upon little Lucy; and "think upon me. Letitia, dear as ſhe "was to us, was not our only happineſs."

He could ſay no more; for at that moment the recollection of her infant beauty, and the thouſand future charms which the parent's eye had anticipated, ruſhed ſo forcibly on his mind, that he reproached himſelf for endeavouring to make his Sophia think lightly of the loſs.

But we will not any longer detain our readers at Hilton. The mourners, at length depart-

departed, leaving orders with the nurſe to prepare ſuch things for the funeral as were immediately neceſſary, and to be ready to attend the child's removal on the next morning. At the appointed time Mrs. Ellenſon, her daughter, and the infant-corpſe were conveyed in a mourning coach, attended by a ſuitable number of ſervants, to Spencer-Aviary; from whence the little body was carried to the village church and depoſited in a vault made by Mr. Charlton for the reception of him and his deſcendants. In this repoſitory was likewiſe laid the deceaſed child of Mr. Percival: for though, at that time, the inhabitants of the Lodge did not ſtand very high in Mr. Spencer's eſtimation, he would not refuſe Mrs. R. Percival's requeſt of admitting the innocent offender into the vault intended for its anceſtors. Not in the church, but in the *church-yard*, was this repoſitory ſunk; for Mr. Spencer, at whoſe ſuggeſtion it was built, did not deem it right

to make a ſepulchre of a place deſtined for offering public worſhip to the Great Supreme.

CHAP. XVII.

To the numerous Families of the Quaintlys.

THE funeral over, the Spencers and Abingtons once more began to glide into a melancholy tranquillity. The afflicting remembrance of Letitia was at length, in ſome meaſure, ſunk in the feeling of other cares; not only for Lucy, but, as Mrs. Spencer again diſcovered ſymptoms of pregnancy, for the yet unknown. What retained, for a conſiderable period, the memory of the loſt child, was the inheritance of the Aviary eſtate. But to the will of Heaven they endeavored to reſign themſelves; being too ſincere Chriſtians to murmur at any evident diſpenſation of Providence. Mrs. R. Percival's criminality, reſpecting

ſpecting the firſt born, had failed of its object, and ſhe had only expoſed *herſelf* by her conduct. With the Spencers there was no guilt; and though no object upon earth could have equalled in their eſtimation the reſtoration of the child, the piety of the mourners effected their ſubmiſſion.

There were not wanting ſome, who, influenced immediately by events, without waiting for that explanation which is frequently given by the final reſult, preſumed to juſtify Mrs. R. Percival's conduct previous to her marriage; pronouncing Mr. E. Spencer's loſs to be a demonſtration that it was GOD's will the eſtate ſhould paſs to her family, as ſhe had now two ſons, ſtrong healthy boys, and a daughter; all older than the little Lucy. The evident probability, indeed, that after the lapſe of a few years, the Percivals would preſide at the Aviary, drew many *ductile* hearts to bow before their ſhrine, as, from the ſame cenſurable flexibility, they had previouſly done homage to the inhabitants of the Shrubbery.

An elderly dowager, whoſe policy led her to worſhip the riſing ſun—to exalt the high and oppreſs the oppreſſed—met Mr. Ruſſel one afternoon at a neighbouring gentleman's, and began a converſation upon the death of Mr. E. Spencer's daughter, an event which, as ſhe ſaid, betokened the deſign of Providence to give the eſtate to Mrs. R. Percival's family.

Mr. Ruſſel had much urbanity, but he had likewiſe a warmth in his temper which, when mixed with a native vein of humor, was ſometimes cauſtic and bitter, in an encounter with vicious folly.

"And ſo, Mr. Ruſſel," ſays Mrs Quaintly, "Mrs. Spencer has loſt her little girl! Ah! "Well!—I always thought, but I did not "like to ſay any thing, yet I always "thought—"

She pauſed: Mr. Ruſſel looked as if expecting the reſt of the ſentence; but ſhe only gave her head a motion that was between a nod and a bow, as if ſhe had ſaid: "excuſe me Sir, I ſhall not ſay any more."

But

But he would *not* excuſe her. He aſked what ſhe meant, and what ſhe had further to ſay upon the ſubject.

"Why then Sir," ſaid ſhe, "I mean "that I think Mrs. R. Percival is the lady "deſigned by Providence for the eſtate of "her anceſtors, and that Mr. Spencer's "endeavor to ſecure it to his grandſon was, "doubtleſs, very preſumptuous."

"Mr. Spencer, Madam", returned Mr. Ruſſel with ſome ſhow of aſperity, "is a "*ſtranger* to preſumption. His heart is the "reſidence of every great and good ſenti-"ment. Had you and I, Mrs. Quaintly, "half his worth between us, we need not "be afraid of the machinations of Satan;" a phraſe often made uſe of by this lady.

Mrs. Quaintly's character was ſuch as juſtified Mr. Ruſſel's abrupt treatment of her. She had ſeveral times, in his preſence, dared to inſinuate that ſuch and ſuch people were favored by Heaven, and that ſuch and ſuch were under its frown; from an opinion which ſhe had

preſumptuouſly formed from the appearances of their worldly fortunes. Once Mr. Ruſſel had oppoſed a judgment thus founded by ſaying—" Inſtead of ſuppoſing " that the Almighty places in the moſt " proſperous ſituations thoſe whom he beſt " loves, we may ſometimes be led, from " obſervation, to conclude the direct con- " trary. Look," continued he, " at Mrs. " Reeves! Can you any where point out " to me a better woman!? and yet through " all her late life ſhe has been in adverſe " circumſtances, while you, Mrs. Quaintly, " are happy in a competency. How will " you reconcile *this* to your ſyſtem?"

" How Sir!—Why Sir!—Pray Sir!"—was all Mrs. Quaintly could return.

" O! I know very well," ſaid Mr. Ruſſel, ſeeming to underſtand her exclamatory monoſyllables, " that you go conſtantly to " public worſhip; that when you are there " you keep awake and make very loud " reſponſes; that you ſing pſalms in a " high note, and fix your eyes upon the " preacher.

" preacher. I likewiſe know that you are " very ſevere upon all deviations from your " own regular conduct, and greatly more " value the reſemblance of piety than that " which lies hid in the heart."

The converſation was then interrupted; but Mrs. Quaintly, from a recollection and feeling of Mr. Ruſſel's ſeverity, was led to revive the occaſion of it by mentioning the loſs of the Spencers in Letitia: and thus provoked Mr. Ruſſel to make the obſervation ending with the word Satan.

At the concluſion of his ſpeech, Mrs. Quaintly boiled over with rage.

" I do not know, Sir, what you mean " Sir! But I would have you to underſtand " that I think myſelf as good as any Mr. " Spencer whatever; and that I have no " more reaſon to be afraid of Satan, than " he has."

" You have not ſo *much* reaſon, in my " opinion, Madam, to fear his *reſentment*," coolly replied Mr. Ruſſel, " as, I dare en- " gage for it, you never did half ſo much

" to diſoblige him. Pray Sir," continued he, turning ſuddenly to a gentleman who ſat next him, " do you hold your intention " of going next week to London ?"

" I do Sir," anſwered the gentleman, whoſe name was Kelby, " and hope I ſhall " not be diſappointed in my expectations of " your accompanying me."

" I mean to be there about the tenth," returned Mr. Ruffel: " let us agree to go " together."

The gentlemen ſettled the particulars of their intended excurſion, and then Mr. Ruffel took his leave of the company; leaving Mrs. Quaintly ready to burſt with vexation.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

A Journey to London, and an Epiſode.

ACCORDING to the time and plan propoſed, Mr. Ruſſel and Mr. Kelby ſet out upon their journey to London; in which, not being otherwiſe particularly engaged, we will accompany them. A ſtage-coach being the vehicle choſen by both the gentlemen: they took their places in one that carried ſix paſſengers, four of whom were ſeated when they went in. Their option of ſituations being conſequently ſmall, Mr. Kelby filled the vacancy between two gentlemen upon the back ſeat; and on the oppoſite one Mr. Ruſſel was wedged in between two women of remarkable corpulency. For ſome miles there was an univerſal ſilence, till, at length, in conſequence of ſome particularly rough road, a general complaint aroſe of the inconvenience of common

common ſtages; a fact of which nobody all the time was ſo ſenſible as Mr. Ruffel, ſuſpended and abſolutely pinioned as he was between the ladies.

"Mercy!" cries the fat one upon his right hand, "we ſhall, for certain, be all "jammed to pieces before we get to *Lau-* "*nun.* I was a monſtrous *fule* not to take "mama's advice of travelling in poſt and "chaiſes, as mama would have had me "done. To folks that are uſed to ſtages "it does not matter; but to me 'tis a "*mortal* puniſhment to be thus *ſquozen.* "Set *fudder* Sir," ſaid ſhe, bouncing herſelf into the middle of the ſeat, to the great annoyance of poor Mr. Ruffel and the fat lady on his left hand, "I am ſure you "might *gi* one a little more *rume* together "if *ye woude.*"

"I do not know what you mean Ma- "dam," ſaid the other lady, "by being "ſquozen, as you call it, but I expect "every inſtant that the little baſket of eggs "which I have got in the corner here be-

"hind

" hind me, to carry as a preſent to my " couſin in town, will be *ſmaſhed* all to " *bits*, and then we ſhall be finely *bedaubed*. " As to a poſt-chaiſe—perhaps you cou'd not " afford to pay for one; but I am certain " this is the laſt time I will ever be pegged " into ſuch a *rumbulating wehicle* as this."

Violent was now the contention between theſe two *great* perſonages; each aſſuring the other that ſhe was as able to pay for a poſt-chaiſe as herſelf. The voice of the firſt was loud and hoarſe; that of the other ſhrill and ſqueaking, and the exertion of them both filled the carriage with ſuch horrid diſſonance as almoſt diſtracted the auditors. At length Mr. Ruſſel begged they would finiſh the diſpute; proteſting that he was *ſenſibly* convinced they were both endowed with *immenſe* property; and he concluded with a requeſt that the baſket of eggs, which the left-hand lady had mentioned, might, for general ſafety, be placed behind him, as there was in that triangular vacancy a ſafe repoſitory. Neither

ther of the ladies underſtood the extent of the gentleman's inuendo; yet conſtruing it into ſome affront, they both, like true Engliſh women, joined to defend themſelves againſt the enemy; and thus contrived to render Mr. Ruſſel's ſituation ſo extremely diſagreeable to him, that he determined to take a poſt-chaiſe from the next ſtage. Finding however the two gentlemen had no farther to travel, he altered his intention, and taking the backward ſeat with Mr. Kelby, continued his journey in the ſame vehicle without farther annoyance. The buſineſs that carried him to London being finiſhed in two days, he viſited Mrs. Percival, who had been in town for ſome time. The occaſion of this lady's journey to the capital may perhaps be ſufficiently intereſting to our readers to juſtify us for pauſing in our chief narrative to explain it.

It has been mentioned then, that Mrs. Percival had a daughter who had married, without her conſent, a gentleman of the name

name of Montague: from this daughter ſhe received a ſupplicating letter, mentioning that ſhe was under the moſt ſevere affliction; having juſt loſt her huſband, after an illneſs of only a few days; and her little Harriet, the only ſurviving child of five, being then very dangerouſly ſick: that in conſequence of theſe afflictions ſhe was herſelf greatly diſordered both in body and mind, and that ſhe earneſtly implored her mother to come to London, that ſhe might give her pardon and bleſſing to a penitent and dying child, whoſe inability alone to travel prevented her from throwing herſelf on her knees before her parent.

This letter produced not the leaſt effect upon either the mother or the brother, to whom a part of it was addreſſed; and they agreed not to notice it. They were indeed generally influenced by the ſame turn of thought; and though Mr. Percival, ſince his marriage had made him independent of his mother, was of courſe leſs mindful of her edicts, their diſpoſitions were ſo

ſimilar

ſimilar that they uſually formed the ſame opinion of perſons and things; eſpecially on occaſions where their intereſt was concerned.

In a ſhort time after, Mrs. Montague ventured another letter, in which ſome part of the firſt was repeated, with a confirmation of her declining ſtate. This letter added that it had, for ſeveral months, been believed ſhe was in a conſumption; that her attendance upon Mr. Montague in his illneſs, together with her grief upon the event, had ſo rapidly increaſed her diſorder, that her diſſolution muſt ſoon be expected; that it was with the greateſt difficulty ſhe ſat up to finiſh her letter, and that the life of her child likewiſe was thought to be in danger.

Mrs. Percival received this affecting letter in the preſence of her ſon; her daughter-in-law, and Miſs Martha Abington. Having with the greateſt indifference read it aloud, ſhe ſeemed, when ſhe had finiſhed it, to be ſtruck with a ſudden thought, and

ſat

ſat in a muſing attitude. After a ſilence of ſome minutes, ſhe ſaid—" Richard I think " I ſhall go to London."

" Not with my conſent, madam," replied he.

" I think I ſhall go," ſaid ſhe, " how- " ever."

" What, to reward an undutiful daugh- " ter!?"—tauntingly aſked Mr. Percival: —" you could not do more at a requeſt of " mine."

" When you know my motives Sir," ſaid his mother with ſome acrimony, " perhaps " I ſhall have your permiſſion; for you " ſeldom refuſe to liſten to your own in- " tereſt."

Much altercation paſſed on this ſubject in the preſence of Miſs Polly, which led that young lady to conclude that Mrs. Percival looked forward to the death of both her daughter and grand-daughter as to events which might put the other branch of her family into the poſſeſſion of wealth that

that perhaps, in ſtrict juſtice, ought to go to another quarter.

This was indeed Mrs. Percival's view, which, after Miſs Patty was retired to her chamber, ſhe ſet in ſuch glowing colors before her ſon, that he not only approved of her going, but reſolved to accompany her, to the entire ſatisfaction of his lady, with whom ſelf-intereſt was ever the material point in view. After ſtaying two or three days to ſettle ſome buſineſs in the neighbourhood, Mrs. Percival, attended by her ſon, ſet off for the metropolis, and after ſending to acquaint Mrs. Montague with her arrival, made her a viſit; but Mr. Percival could not be prevailed upon to favor his ſiſter with his preſence.

The prediction of the unfortunate young widow, reſpecting her diſſolution, was ſpeedily verified. She died ſoon after ſhe had received her mother's *verbal* forgiveneſs; and had recommended to her protection the infant Harriet, who ſeemed at that

that time not likely long to ſurvive her expiring parent. For this child, however, Mrs. Montague requeſted with the greateſt fervency that Mrs. Percival would give her a good education, though half of Mr. Montague's property ſhould be expended for the purpoſe.

Mrs. Percival gave the promiſe which her daughter required ſo earneſtly with her departing breath, and Mrs. Montague cloſed her eyes for ever.

After the funeral, Mr. Percival aſſiſted his mother in the pecuniary buſineſs which his ſiſter had left unſettled, and then returned into the country, juſt before the period of Mr. Ruſſel's viſit to the dowager. This gentleman finding the lady in a ſtate of evident diſcompoſure, after the civilities and enquiries were diſpatched, requeſted to be informed of the cauſe of her uneaſineſs. In reply to this queſtion, ſhe informed him that about half an hour before his arrival ſhe had been rudely attacked by a ſea-officer of the name of Montague; and ſhe

proceeded

proceeded to give him the particulars in the following words :

" You are not, Mr. Ruſſel, unacquainted " with the hiſtory of my poor Harriet. " You know ſhe married much againſt my " approbation to a gentleman who died a " few months back ; that ſubſequent to that " event, my daughter (before in an ill ſtate " of health) grew rapidly worſe, and in a " ſhort time, left to my care her only child, " who was then thought to be affected with " the ſame diſorder which carried off her " poor mother, but who recovered upon be- " ing removed into freſh air, and ſeems " now growing ſtrong and hearty. You " are, as I ſaid, acquainted with theſe cir- " cumſtances, as my ſon, who has frequent- " ly journeyed backwards and forwards " ſince my late abode in London, told me " he ſaw you juſt before his laſt coming " up."

" He did, Madam," ſaid Mr. Ruſſel, " and informed us of the particulars you " have mentioned."

" Well

"Well then Sir," continued Mr. Percival, "whether you know what I am now "going to mention, or not, I will proceed "with saying that Mr. Montague, my "daughter's husband died intestate, but "that Harriet, as soon as I arrived in Lon-"don, and engaged to take care of her "child, sent for an eminent lawyer to take "in writing her last wishes, which were "that I should be her sole executrix, and "have absolute power over her daughter "and all her effects; urging me to give "the child a good education, though the "chief of her property should be expended "on that account. Acting under the "power of this will, which was duly exe-"cuted, and reducing all her effects, her "clothes excepted, into money; I found "the whole produce to be no more than "eight hundred pounds. As this, how-"ever, added to what it will be in my "power to give her, will be sufficient to "support her as a gentlewoman, I have de-"termined to comply with my daughter's

"entreaty

" entreaty of having her properly educated,
" and intend to carry her down to Beverly
" to be inſtructed there by the preceptors
" whom my ſon muſt provide for his own
" children. Till ſhe is of an age indeed
" to be benefited by their inſtructions, I
" have thought it would beſt to continue
" her with the woman, under whoſe care
" ſhe now is at Hampſtead, in a ſitua-
" tion which is remarkably healthy; and
" where many children of conſiderable
" quality are brought up. This is certainly
" rather an expenſive plan, but I ſhall not
" heſitate to defray the charges out of my
" own pocket, as I do not wiſh to increaſe
" my ſon's family unneceſſarily; and if the
" child be now carried down, there muſt be
" a ſervant on purpoſe to attend her."

Mrs. Percival ſtopped to receive Mr. Ruſſel's approbation and then continued—
" Thus, Sir, had I placed every thing in a
" proper train, when, juſt after my ſon's
" departure for Grantham, to inſpect the
" condition of my eſtate near that place,

" I was

" I was infulted by the Mr. Montague I " mentioned; who having heard of the " death of his brother, and of his brother's " wife, and not knowing that they had left " any child, came to demand their effects. " It was not till I had fent to the dowager, " who made the will, and had given him a " direction for his little niece, whom he " is now gone to fee, that I could fatisfy " him."

Mrs. Percival ended her narrative with requefting Mr. Ruffel to accept the office of a truftee for the little Harriet Montague, as the lawyer had defired her to nominate one, out of her own family, with whom, in cafe of her death, the effects would be fecure till the child fhould arrive at age. Mr. Ruffel immediately complied, for he had a heart fraught with urbanity; and likewife took into his hands the little patrimony; for which he gave the moft ample fecurity.

Mrs. Percival could not but look upon

this as a high obligation, and made her acknowledgment accordingly.

After this tranſaction, Mr. Ruſſel ſoon returned to Beverly. In a few weeks, Mrs. Percival followed; and the related families ſeemed to live in greater harmony than heretofore.

CHAP. XIX.

Which ſums up Particulars.

AS we have lately accompliſhed ſo much buſineſs, we will here ſtand ſtill and take a view of the ſituation into which we have brought our heroes and heroines; beginning with Mr. Spencer.

That good—that great man, though now ſomewhat advanced in years, having paſſed his firſt climacteric, was the life of every party with which he aſſociated—the idol of

of the poor—the veneration of all ages and degrees of both ſexes.

Mrs. G. Abington—as ſhe reſided at the Aviary with her grandfather—muſt next be mentioned. "The charming widow" was the appellation which generally diſtinguiſhed her. More than three years were now paſſed ſince ſhe loſt the beloved of her heart, yet was her affection as lively as ever, and her grief nearly as poignant. Both outwardly and inwardly did ſhe continue to mourn, and though not yet twenty-five, ſteadily determined never again to liſten to any of the overtures of marriage; which were almoſt conſtantly made to Mr. Spencer on her account. Indeed this amiable woman was univerſally admired and beloved; and every body was ſolicitous to ſoothe her ſorrows.

At the Shrubbery, Mr. Edward Spencer and his lady lived an enviable life of conjugal happineſs; ſtill, however, at times lamenting their loſt Letitia; but little Lucy, and after her a daughter, for whom Mrs.

G. Abington ſtood ſponſor, and who was named Matilda; with another, in proceſs of time, called Caroline, drew their attention from the one they had loſt. Mrs. Spencer never but once was *enceinte* with a ſon, and that was ſtill-born.

Mr. and Mrs. Abington with Mr. Ruſſel lived in great harmony; Miſs Abington and Miſs Martha, completing the family. The firſt had been engaged to the ſon of a neighbouring gentleman who died not long before the time appointed for their nuptials. This event was a great affliction to her; and with a conſtancy reſembling that of her ſiſter in-law, ſhe ſeemed deaf to all new ſolicitations. This young lady with a moſt excellent underſtanding, united a diſpoſition ſo charming, that it rendered her the delight of her friends. She paſſed much of her time at Spencer Aviary, where ſhe was often accompanied by her uncle Ruſſel, of whom ſhe ſeemed to be the favourite niece; that gentleman not being very fond of Miſs Martha, and obſerving that Mrs. Spencer

had

had ample happineſs in a moſt excellent huſband.

Miſs Martha continued to be juſt as we have deſcribed her. Her lovers were few; yet ſhe had two or three good offers of marriage, to which her friends wiſhed her to attend. But though it was thought that ſhe did not diſlike any of theſe ſuitors, ſhe refuſed them all, becauſe they were not of the quality ſhe was told and believed the man ought to be to whom ſhe ſhould condeſcend to be a wife. Poſſeſſed with this idea of her own conſequence—vain of her ſuppoſed native charms and accompliſhments—Miſs Martha looked with contempt on thoſe who were, in every reſpect, her equals, and with whom, would her temper have permitted, ſhe might have lived a life of happineſs.

A ſimilarity of diſpoſition united the Percivals in all the grand concerns of life; but with reſpect to its more trifling incidents they were continually jarring: and as "ſmall "things, more than great," contribute or

deſtroy domeſtic happineſs, their houſe was frequently a ſcene of diſcord. Mrs. Percival, the elder, was artful, or rather cunning, to an extreme degree, and this induced her to ſuſpect in others the exiſtence of that quality of which ſhe was conſcious in herſelf. The duplicity which her own long experience had found prevalent, ſhe concluded to be univerſal. Self-intereſt biaſſed all her actions, and if that object could be attained ſhe was indifferent as to the means.

Her ſon, with kindred qualities, poſſeſſed a diſpoſition not ſo pliable as that of his mother. He loved power, as well as riches, and was haughty to all around him.

His lady partook of the principles of both the mother and the ſon; while her character aſſerted ſome peculiarities of its own. She loved adulation, and was in all reſpects very proud. The tempers, in ſhort, and behaviour of the three induced many to fear, but not one to love or reſpect them: unleſs the attachment, profeſſed by

Patty

Patty Abington were to be honoured with the name of either affection or eſteem. The probabili y, indeed, of their future conſequence engaged the attentions of many; but ſome would not ſcruple to aſſert, in alluſion to the ſtrange relapſe of little Letitia Spencer, that this reverſionary conſequence was dearly earned.

The eldeſt child of the Percivals has been known to the reader by the appellation of Stephen; the ſecond and third by the names of Robert and Barbara. They had afterwards another ſon whom they called George, and a ſecond daughter named Deborah, in honor of Mrs. Hutchinſon, who frequently viſited at the Lodge, and was ſponſor to this youngeſt child.

We do not recollect any one who has acted a material part in this hiſtory, whoſe ſituation we have not here recapitulated, unleſs it be that of Nurſe Ellenſon: and to her, as we are unwilling to be thought capable of neglecting any individual, merely from the circumſtance of rank; and are de-

ſirous of exhibiting another amiable trait in the character of the good Spencers, we will now direct our attention. Fearing probably the ſuſpicion of having been careleſs of her infant charge during its illneſs, which we will do her the juſtice to ſay was by no means the caſe, this poor woman ſtill wore the ſemblance of deep affliction for its loſs. The concern under which ſhe perſiſted to appear, ſo greatly affected Mrs. Spencer, that, willing to quiet apprehenſions and expecting to find in her a good and faithful attendant, ſhe offered to take her to the Shrubbery; an offer which ſhe accepted with tears of joy and thankfulneſs ſtreaming down her cheeks. But when ſhe was preparing to take poſſeſſion of her new place, ſhe went to Mrs Spencer with a letter, that moment received, as ſhe ſaid, from an old aunt in Yorkſhire, who had not ſpoken to her, nor taken any notice of her ſince ſhe married. The purport of this letter was to inform her of her aunt's being very ill, and to deſire that ſhe would come

to

to her, to reſide with her as long as ſhe lived; and on the event of her death, to inherit what ſhe was worth; a property which Mrs. Ellenſon repreſented as conſiderable. To ſuch a plan, no objection could be made: the poor woman, therefore, diſpoſed of her houſehold effects, and receiving from Mrs. Spencer a very handſome preſent, took her place, with her daughter, in the next ſtage coach, and left the neighbourhood of Beverly.

And now, chronological reader, thou wilt obſerve that we are advanced ſome years farther in our ſtory than when we began this chapter; and that in the courſe of ſome of our laſt pages, ſeveral grandchildren have been born to Mr. Spencer. As thy imagination therefore, may perhaps be ſomewhat fatigued by the ſpeed of our journey, and the number of its incidents, we will give thee an opportunity to repoſe.

CHAPTER XX.

The Guardian.

A REPUTATION for economy is a magnet to the thoughts of dying parents, careful for what is called the welfare of their children; though we muſt confeſs that we ourſelves ſhould be more ſtrongly attracted by the renown of generoſity, and conſequently ſhould not chuſe ſuch a man as Mr. Percival to be the guardian of our ſon and heir. But the father, whom we are going to mention, entertained in this reſpect ſentiments very different from ours.

Mr. Seymour was a gentleman deſcended from a noble family, who lived upon a fortune of about five thouſand pounds a year, in the northern part of Leiceſterſhire The name of a very pretty ſeat in the middle of the eſtate, was Martin's Priory. A part of the farm which Mrs. Percival poſſeſſed on the borders of Lincolnſhire was intermixed with ſome lands belonging to Mr. Seymour,

Seymour, of which an exchange was made to the benefit of both parties; and this contributed to increaſe the acquaintance between the families. From this tranſaction Mr. Seymour, an honeſt, plain man, in a bad ſtate of health, imbibed ſuch an opinion of Mr. Percival's management, that he accepted his offer of future ſervice, by conſtituting him his executor, and ſole guardian for his ſon, who was a year older than Mr. Percival's eldeſt. The will gave the executor unlimited power over the eſtate till the little Henry ſhould arrive at the age of twenty-two. Two hundred pounds a year were allowed for the child's board and education till he ſhould arrive at the age of ten, after that time, five hundred were to be annually allotted for the ſame purpoſe, it being Mr. Seymour's deſire that his ſon ſhould be as well educated as poſſible without going out of England; a meaſure to which he expreſſed a ſtrong objection. If the orphan ſhould die before his arrival at the ſtipulated pe-

riod, the whole property was to revert to the elder branch of the family, then resident in Ireland; Mr. Seymour's lady leaving him no other child than this, during whose minority Mr. Percival was to receive one hundred a year for his care and trouble.

Mr. Seymour was called from his terrestrial inheritance when Henry was between seven or eight years of age: of which event, Mr. Percival being immediately apprized, went down to the Priory and saw every thing, relating to the funeral, decently performed; settled the affairs which called for present attention, and returned to Beverly with his young ward.

Henry Seymour, the youth whom we now beg leave to present to our readers, is well deserving of our highest notice. His person, his abilities, and the qualities of his mind were such as we are apprehensive we shall not be able to do justice to, without giving room for the imputation of undue partiality. Let our fair friends suppose what their favorite swains were at his age—

let

let the fond mother keep in her eye the image and rare endowments of her darling ſon.—In ſhort—let imagination create one of the fineſt figures, it can portray, animated by an intellect of the firſt order and ſparkle, and Henry Seymour will ſhine in ſome degree diſplayed.

Our great Richardſon—a diſtant relation to one part of our family, though his genius was inherited by another branch of his own—drew, as a perfect character, his favorite Grandiſon; and indeed we do homage to our kinſman's admirable picture, and wiſh to make our advantage of it by ſaying, that Henry Seymour and young Grandiſon were very much alike in many reſpects. We cannot, perhaps, boaſt of his being quite ſo *good* a youth, truth obliging us to confeſs that in ſome particulars, he bore an affinity to the Tom Jones of our couſin Fielding; though he never was ſo depraved either in taſte or inclination as that celebrated hero. Full of fire and ſweetneſs was his temper, and though he was, ſometimes,

times, what rigid people would call "an "unluky child," or "a wild boy," he had a conſiderable ſhare of refinement in his ſentiments. You might, at the ſame inſtant, obſerve in his air and manner, ſpirit and greatneſs—a quickneſs of reſentment with a ſoftneſs of diſpoſition.

Which of my young female readers does not inſtantly look forward and form an idea of what Henry Seymour will be when arrived at the age of one or two and twenty!

"*I*, Sir, do not think any thing about it" —cries Miſs Pruderilla. "Nor *I*, *I am ſure*" —exclaims Miſs Anthropy; while the ſmiling Honeſta wonders at their inſenſibility, and confeſſes ſhe ſhould be greatly pleaſed with the addreſſes of ſuch a lover.

Of the two firſt mentioned young ladies, I muſt beg as a particular favor—that they never will open one page more of our works, as no where in them will they find one ſentiment in the leaſt congenial with their *particular* diſpoſitions. Thoſe whom we write to pleaſe, have urbanity, benevolence,

lence, and affection in their ſouls; and will not hefitate to acknowledge the ſympathy which they are capable of experiencing.

Mr. Percival, upon his return to Beverly, turned his thoughts towards conſtituting a ſeminary in his own houſe, *prudently* determining that the ſtipend allowed for the education of the little Seymour ſhould defray, in a great meaſure, the expences attending that of his own children. To facilitate this economical ſcheme, he furniſhed a hitherto unoccupied wing of his houſe, and engaged various teachers to inſtruct the young ones in every uſeful and ornamental ſcience. A footman was, likewiſe, retained in the name of Maſter Seymour, whoſe buſineſs it was to wait upon the children in general. To ſave appearances, he wore the Seymour livery.

As we intend to devote this chapter to the infantine part of our acquaintance, we will give a ſhort hint of the perſons and diſpoſitions of ſome of this claſs with whom we mean to be upon an intimate footing in the

the courſe of time, and we will begin with the eldeſt ſon of Mr. Percival. This boy, then, bore ſo ſtrong a reſemblance to Maſter Blifil, that had his exiſtence been previous to the period in which our worthy kinſman labored, it would have been ſuſpected that he had drawn the portrait in queſtion from our Stephen Percival; who, however, in regard to figure, had conſiderably the advantage of young Blifil: there was indeed ſomething of a *lurking* in his countenance that deformed a face by ſome people thought handſome. We, indeed, never were of the number of thoſe who entertained that opinion, as we have always been partial to *expreſſive* beauty—to beauty that exiſts independently of feature—ſhape—complexion: that is chiefly formed by that animating—faſcinating quality—ſweetneſs of diſpoſition; which, when united with a good underſtanding and rectitude of principle, enlivens the ſkin; gives brilliancy to the eyes; regularity to the features; grace to the form, and, in ſhort, conſtitutes that irreſiſtible

irreſiſtible ſomething for which not one of our predeceſſors has yet found a name ; and for which, as we do not preſume even to an equality with our deceaſed celebrated friends, we will not pretend to invent an appellation.

The children of Mr. Percival, George only excepted, were very much alike each other in moſt reſpects, and ſeemed to partake of the qualities of both their parents. Yet there was this difference between them —the two eldeſt were ſubtle and ſlow ; the girls pert and peeviſh ; but they were alike proud ; ſelfiſh, and conceited, a ſimilarity which is not to be wondered at, when it be conſidered that the example and precepts given by their father, mother and grandmother, tended to cultivate theſe unamiable qualities. George, however, as has been intimated, differed greatly from the reſt, for he was as honeſt, and as free-hearted a lad as any in the country. In perſon, he was ſomewhat like the others, who were all reckoned handſome ; though their complexions, like

like their father's, were rather bad. In this reſpect, George had the advantage, if the apparent difference were not in fact occaſioned by the vivacity and ſweetneſs of his countenance.

The little Miſſes Spencer did not, in any particular, reſemble the young ones we have been deſcribing, either in make, mind, or manners; for they were three very lovely and agreeable children, the amiableneſs of their native qualities being improved by the inſtruction which they received from their parents and other friends. Mr. Ruſſel made them frequently his companions, and might almoſt be deemed their tutor; as he took particular delight in giving them leſſons.

The ſeminary at the Lodge being properly eſtabliſhed, Mrs. Percival thought it would add to the prudent plan to carry the little Harriet Montague to Beverly, that ſhe might be edùcated at a trifling expence; for, excepting the ſtipend of a governeſs for the young ladies, Henry Seymour defrayed the ſum total. This managing

naging dame found another plauſible pretext for the removal of her young charge: the woman with whom ſhe had placed her, grew too fond of her, and as ſhe was a moſt winning little creature, Mrs. Percival was apprehenſive ſhe might ſo gain upon the affection of thoſe about her, that they would not only ſpoil her by indulgence, but inſtil into her young mind ideas too high for the fortune to which it was wiſhed to confine her expectations. The little Harriet had been removed from Hampſtead and put under the care of her old nurſe, Mrs. Watkins, who lived at Chelſea. This woman had imbibed ſuch an affection for the child as made her very unwilling to part with her, and to the great diſpleaſure of Mrs. Percival, ſhe took leave of her with ſtreaming eyes.

From what we laſt ſaid, our ſagacious reader will conclude that the above-mentioned Dowager had not much regard for the poor little orphan-girl under her protection. In truth ſhe had not. She hated

both

both its father and its mother; and ſhe hated the child itſelf. A wiſh to enlarge the property of her ſon, was her motive for troubling herſelf about it; for which reaſon ſhe wiſhed for its death; as its inheritance on that event would legally revert to his family; and ſo great was her averſion to this innocent little creature, that the idea of taking her from thoſe who had long known her, and indeed from all the friends ſhe had in the world, was a great inducement with Mrs. Percival for removing her to Beverly.

This child, now about ſeven years of age, was one of the loveliеſt that ever appeared in our village. She drew the attention of every beholder from the family of Mrs. R. Percival; and thus induced that lady to imbibe a diſlike to her ſoon after her arrival at the Lodge. In truth, the poor little girl did not ſeem to be much regarded by any of the principals of the family, though out of it, and amongſt the ſervants, ſhe obtained univerſal favor; and no wonder;

der; for both in perſon and mind ſhe ſeemed born to create affection. Her face was beautiful beyond deſcription; her diſpoſition uncommonly ſprightly and ſweet; her underſtanding, with the proper reference to her age, was aſtoniſhing; and her heart, with all her native wildneſs, ſo tender, that if ſhe heard the relation of any affecting circumſtance, her face would inſtantly be covered with tears, and it would be ſome time before ſhe could recover her uſual livelineſs.

Such was the little Harriet Montague, who, at an early age, was deprived of parental tenderneſs, and left to the care of relations whoſe hearts were turned againſt her; and from whom, the more ſhe merited fondneſs, the more ſhe obtained hatred. But for Mr. Ruſſel, whoſe partiality for her was ſoon diſtinguiſhed, and who, in ſome meaſure, conſidered himſelf as her guardian, her education would not have been much attended to: but he intereſted himſelf very particularly in her improve-

ments,

ments, a circumſtance which made Mrs. Percival repent of having ever brought her to Beverly. She could not, however, with any decency, remove her, unleſs it were in compliance with Mr. Ruſſel's often expreſſed wiſhes (for he obſerved how negligently ſhe was treated) of having her educated at the Shrubbery. To this propoſed ſcheme Mrs. Percival would not accede, nor would ſhe permit her ward's going to this houſe, when, upon any plauſible pretence, ſhe could prevent it. Indeed ſhe never would ſuffer her charge to be abſent from her for more than a few hours together; which led ſome people to believe that ſhe was very fond of the child; while others, who were more ſhrewd, conſidered her behaviour as a cloke for the indulgence of a ſecret diſlike.

Having now ſet in diſtinct view our riſing generation, we will leave them to purſue their puerile ſtudies, while we advert to other buſineſs.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

The Inn.

UPON a ſuppoſition that our readers are ſufficiently refreſhed to proceed on their journey, we will convey them to the Crown in Beverly; a large and reſpectable inn, kept by a widow of the name of Clinton.

About the period at which our laſt chapter cloſed, a chaiſe arrived at the above-mentioned Crown-inn at a late hour in the evening with two gentlemen, who upon alighting, ordered ſupper and beds, and requeſted Mrs. Clinton, with whoſe appearance they ſeemed pleaſed, to oblige them with her company at table.

During the time of ſupper the gentlemen made many enquiries reſpecting the different families in the neighbourhood of Beverly, and aſked ſuch particulars about the

the Abingtons as led Mrs. Clinton to conclude one of them to be a gentleman who had been much talked of for being in love with Miſs Abington, whom he met with at Ipſwich, on a viſit to an old ſchool-fellow. The gentleman was ſaid to be of high deſcent and poſſeſſed of a large eſtate; and as he likewiſe bore an exceedingly good character, it is not to be wondered at that Miſs Abington's friends ſtrongly urged her acceptance of him; but ſhe, ſtill conſtant to her firſt attachment, could not be prevailed upon to liſten to his ſolicitations. The affair was, therefore, laid aſide.

The gentlemen at the Crown enquired about various other perſons in and near Beverly; but this appeared to be only an artifice to prevent Mrs. Clinton's gueſſing their errand; and ſhe was the more confirmed in this conjecture, as ſhe overheard them talk of writing to Mr. Abington in the morning, and as one of them aſked, in a manner which ſhowed that he did not want

want the information, if that gentleman had a large family. Mrs. Clinton replied, that he had only four children living.

"Have any of them been married, Madam?"

"His eldeſt daughter, Sir, is Mrs. Spen-
"cer, and his ſon, who was loſt at ſea,
"married the oldeſt Miſs Hatley."

"The daughters will then, I ſuppoſe, be
"large fortunes; for Mr. Abington is a
"rich man, I preſume."

"He has now, I believe, a very hand-
"ſome income," anſwered Mrs. Clinton;
"but formerly, I have heard, his circum-
"ſtances were rather adverſe."

"Then you have not long known the family, Madam"—continued the ſecond gentleman.

"I have lived in Beverly, Sir," replied ſhe, "only three years."

"Is it not rather extraordinary," aſked the firſt, "that ſo amiable a young woman
"as Emily Abington ſhould determine to
"live ſingle?"

As this queſtion, from its importing that they knew more of the family than they profeſſed to do, ſeemed to confirm Mrs. Clinton's conjecture, ſhe replied with a ſmile—" I do not know what to ſay as to " its being extraordinary, but I am often " ſorry for it, becauſe I think ſhe would " make an exemplary miſtreſs of a family."

" Pray," aſked the other gentleman, partly turning the ſubject, " what is be- " come of the Miſs Hatley who married " the ſon? Does ſhe continue a widow? " Or is ſhe married again?"

" She is not married Sir," replied Mrs. Clinton, " nor will ſhe ever again, I dare " aver, be a wife."

" I am ſorry for that," ſaid the gentleman, who ſpoke laſt; " as by what I have " heard of her character, ſhe would make " as exemplary a miſtreſs of a family as her " ſiſter-in-law."

" Mrs. George Abington," ſaid Mrs. Clinton, " is one of the moſt amiable wo- " men in the univerſe. She *is* miſtreſs of " a family—

" a family—of the family at the Aviary ;
" and ſhines in that, as in every other ca-
" pacity ; but ſhe is too much attached to
" the memory of the huſband ſhe has loſt,
" ever to think of another."

" Such a conſtant widow is a ſingular
" character in this age, Mrs. Clinton,"
ſaid the ſame gentleman ; " but pray is
" there not a ſiſter of her's who lives at a
" ſeat called the Lodge ?"

" There is Sir. Her name is Percival."

" Is ſhe any thing like the young wi-
" dow ?"

" In perſon there is a ſlight ſimilitude,
" but they are reckoned different in their
" diſpoſitions"—was all Mrs. Clinton's an-
ſwer.

The Spencers, Mr. Ruſſel, and ſeveral others in the vicinity were now talked of till the travellers retired to repoſe. Having experienced ſome previous fatigue, our gentlemen ſlept conſiderably longer than they intended, and perceiving when they awoke, that the morning was pretty far advanced,

they aroſe in anxious haſte, and were going down ſtairs into the hall juſt as a coach ſtopped at the front door, which was oppoſite. The coach was Mr. Spencer's, and in it was that gentlemen, with Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Abington, and Mrs. G. Abington; Mr. E. Spencer, and a gentleman of the name of Lenox, attending on horſeback.

Upon ſeeing Mrs. Clinton, Mrs. G. Abington, who ſat next the door, aſked if the mail had not left a parcel directed to the Aviary. Mrs. Clinton replied in the affirmative, and was ordering a ſervant to fetch it from the bar, when Mrs. G. Abington's eyes were caught by one of the gentlemen who had then reached the bottom ſtep, and ſtood fixed.

"Heavens and earth!" exclaimed the "amiable woman, forcing open the door of the coach and ſpringing from it into the hall, "it is he—it is he himſelf"—dropping upon the pavement ere her huſband—for indeed it was no other—was quick enough

enough to catch her in his arms. He kneeled down and raiſed her from the ground; preſſing to his boſom, with unſpeakable ardency, the then lifeleſs image of his beloved wife—ſo lately thought his inconſolable widow. She had fainted as ſhe fell, and continued inſenſible ſome minutes.

It would be folly to attempt a deſcription of the ſcene which enſued. The coach was inſtantly deſerted: the hall filled. Every body was convinced of the reality of the apparition, and that it was indeed Mr. George Abington, upon whom every eye gazed with tranſported amazement.

The mother, the ſiſter, the friend—nay, even our venerable Mr. Spencer himſelf, who ſtrove to attain ſome degree of compoſure, found reaſon too weak to ſtem the torrent of the unbounded joy with which they were overwhelmed.

The travelling companion of Mr. G. Abington, whoſe name was Lewis, aſſiſted Mrs. Clinton and Mr. Lenox to convey the

agitated party into an adjoining room; but it was a long time before any of them could be brought to moderate their tranſports.

When Mrs. G. Abington firſt recovered from her ſwoon, ſhe opened her eyes; fixed them upon the face of her huſband; threw her arms around him, and giving a violent ſcream, again returned to inſenſibility. This ſhe repeated ſo often that it was judged neceſſary to ſeparate them and to ſend for Doctor Wilfred, who ordered her ſome medicine and deſired ſhe might be kept as quiet as poſſible.

Were we to deſcribe the revivals and relapſes of this tenderly affected and truly amiable woman, we ſhould tire the patience of almoſt all our readers. It was ſeveral hours before ſhe could ſee, and ſpeak to her huſband with any compoſure. Her joy was, indeed, inexpreſſible; nor can it be imagined but by thoſe whoſe boſoms beat with the fondeſt—pureſt affection, and who have been under the apprehenſion, nay, have felt

felt the pang of loſing the object of their attachment. Theſe, and theſe only, can poſſibly form an idea of the extravagant joy Mrs. G. Abington endured at ſeeing the man whoſe loſs ſhe had ſo long mourned, with undiminiſhed affection, reſtored at once to life and her. Surely no ſublunary bliſs could exceed what ſhe, on this occaſion, experienced!

As ſoon as the lady was removed to another room, and the remaining friends had reduced *their* tranſports to ſome degree of reaſon, Mr. Lewis, accompanied by Mr. Lenox, went to impart the important intelligence to Mr. Abington, Mr. Ruſſel, and the two ſingle ſiſters. Amazement and joy again contended for maſtery when the ſtory was related, and it was ſome time before they ſeemed to give full belief to the truth of the intelligence. At length they ſeated themſelves in the coach with Mr. Lenox and Mr. Lewis, and arriving at the Crown, had the happineſs of folding to their hearts their long-loſt relation and friend.

It was hard to say which of the seniors showed the highest tokens of joy. They seemed to be all equally delighted; and now, Mrs. G. Abington being sufficiently recovered to be conveyed, our joyful company were removed to Spencer-Aviary, where we will leave them in the midst of as much happiness as this terrestrial state ever afforded.

CHAP. XXII.

Symptoms of Learning.

THAT our readers may not be left to form an idea of our taking upon us to relate as facts, things impossible, it will be necessary to give some account of the seeming mystery which brings to view a person who (to show, in imitation of other great authors, the depth of our learning), we will say was long since supposed to be a subject

ſubject of Neptune and Amphitrite; condemned to their regions by Abeona, who, as our poetical readers well know, is the queen (we like not the word goddeſs) of voyagers.

In the twelfth chapter of theſe our profound lucubrations—for it may be ſuppoſed we are often neceſſitated to commit depredations on the rights of Nox, Somnus and Morpheus (perſonages brought in to give farther proofs of our profound erudition); being obliged to obey the dictates of our great Lady Clio, whenever ſhe chuſes to convey her inſtruction—in this chapter, we ſay, it may be obſerved that the death of Mr. George Abington was never affirmed, the belief of it reſting only upon conjecture; which however, was founded upon the ſtrongeſt preſumptive proofs: yet ſtrong as they were, the conjecture was fallacious. One of the boats of the Enterpriſe (the ſhip in which that gentleman had ſailed from England) was, as has been related, diſcovered and taken up by the Tiber. The

probability that this was the boat in which ſome of the ſhip-wrecked mariners had endeavoured to ſave themſelves, was confirmed as a certainty, by the relation Mr. George Abington and Mr. Lewis gave of their adventures.

The ſtorm they had encountered was terrible beyond deſcription. The crew and paſſengers were eager to quit the ſhip for the boats, which they did with all poſſible diſpatch, and the one in which Mr. George Abington and Mr. Lewis eſcaped from the ſinking veſſel, was in about four hours after diſcovered; purſued, and taken by an Algerine corſair. The pirates faſtened the boat to their ſhip, but not ſo ſecurely as to prevent its breaking away in the night; and its being afterwards found by the Tiber, occaſioned the concluſion of the loſs of the ſhip and crew: it is indeed probable that the reſt of the unhappy creatures became a prey to the ocean, as they never afterwards were heard of.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Captives.

MR. G. Abington and Mr. Lewis (the ſon of a gentleman in London, going upon a voyage of pleaſure to Liſbon) with eleven of the ſailors who were taken by the corſair, were carried to Algiers and expoſed to ſale. Mr. George Abington and Mr. Lewis were bought by the ſame maſter, who proved to be an acquaintance of the father of Mr. Lewis, and being a very remarkable perſon, was by that gentleman ſoon recogniſed. This circumſtance, which the young captives thought would produce their enlargement, was the ſole cauſe of their long detention. The renegado—for ſuch he was—who had purchaſed theſe gentlemen, was the ſon of a dignified clergyman in London, whoſe name was Whittington. Early in life he

ſhewed a ſtrong penchant for viſiting foreign countries, and being one of many ſons, his father, though unwillingly, was prevailed upon to conſent to his making a voyage to Algiers, with a view of increaſing a ſmall ſum left him by a diſtant relation. The voyage of this gentleman was proſperous beyond expectation, and during his reſidence in Africa, he had a rich lucrative employment offered to him by a rich renegado, on *the trifling condition* of renouncing the profeſſion of the Chriſtian faith. To this, as Plutus was the only deity he truly worſhipped, he readily ſubſcribed; and aſſumed the turban without heſitation: but as he was not ſo hardened as to wiſh his father to know of his apoſtacy, he changed his name from Whittington to Lorimer, and cauſing a letter to be written to his family with a fabricated account of his illneſs and death: he corroborated the ſtory, by remitting through the means of his friend, the renegado before mentioned, a part of the property which he had

had carried with him to Algiers. When he found himself therefore remembered by Mr. Lewis, he sent both the young captives into the country, where he had some land with a small house upon it; to which he often retired. In this place they were kept by the overseer, in constant employ, and in strict confinement, with an injunction that they should not be permitted to send away any letter or message; so afraid was the ci-devant Mr. Whittington that his father should receive intelligence of the sacrifice which he had made to avarice. However, some months before the return of Mr. G. Abington and Mr. Lewis, Mr. Whittington-Lorimer was seized with melancholy; which so rapidly increased, that he was soon rendered incapable of following his usual occupation at Algiers, and entirely resided at his country house. Conscience had laid hold upon him! CONSCIENCE—that sovereign exiled from almost every nation under Heaven, had fixed

her

her iron fangs into the inmoſt receſſes of his heart. The glories he had acquired faded in his eye: thoſe he had renounced, mocked his bankruptcy of faith by appearing in their brighteſt, native colors. Poor deluded Whittington!—thy caſe ſo ſimilar to that of many who wear a grinning maſk, excites at once our pity and contempt! Hear, O ye inhabitants of this favored iſle!—Hear and believe that this worſt of all plagues—an accuſing conſcience—may croſs the Mediterranean! Hear! believe! and beware, O thou renowned MALIGNOSUS! of the approach of this peſtilence! If it ſeize *thy* heart—thy callous and hitherto impenetrable heart—great and terrible will be thy affliction! Thy thouſands, annually laid by for the worſt of purpoſes, will *caukeriſe* thy ſoul! Thy coronet will prove a coronet of thorns; and thy years will be ſtunned with imaginary cries of the oppreſſed; whoſe clamours, if thou turneſt not

thine

thine eyes inward—and altereſt not thy doings, will reach the vaulted roof of Heaven, and be regiſtered in the book of unchangeable decrees.

CHAP. XXIV.

The Captives continued.

WE were ſo deeply affected by the horrible idea of the puniſhment which, either in this world or in the coming one, the gentleman whom we mentioned at the latter end of the laſt chapter, might poſſibly experience, that unable to proceed with the ſubject which laſt employed our pen, we laid it aſide till we ſhould find ourſelves in a better diſpoſition to continue the progreſs of our ſtory.

——— Mr. Whittington-Lorimer was ſeized by the fangs of conſcience. That is the thread which muſt pierce our relation

tion of the facts. The conflict in his mind between his old and his new ideas, greatly shattered his constitution. In hopes to bargain for peace of mind, he determined to starve his body; without one thought of altering his way of life.

Miserable! mistaken man! Will the Great Giver of Peace be *bribed* to make happy the wretch who refuses to accept his offered favors!? Will he come into a compromise, and receive the worthless sacrifice in payment for the indulgence the sinner requests of living unmolested in his favorite vices!? No: the price of inward peace will not be lowered. Obedience—or repentance with reformation, is the demand: it cannot be obtained on any other conditions. Nor indeed can any other of greater lenity be propose; as the performance of these, when once entered upon, is not only easy, but extremely pleasant.

To relieve our frowning readers—we will pass over the first months of our conscience-stricken, and at length truly penitent Mr. Whittington-

Whittington-Lorimer, and proceed to the time of his confining himſelf to his country houſe.

During his reſidence at this place, he often encountered with his two captives, who though they were kept employed and confined, had never been treated with rigour; their work being chiefly to attend a ſmall botanical garden contiguous to the houſe. In this, Mr. Whittington walked ſeveral hours every day, and, at times, would enter into ſome converſation with our two friends, who perceiving his melancholy, ventured to take ſome little notice of it in their diſcourſe, and, at length, to offer him ſome advice; and this, willing to catch at every gleam of comfort, he liſtened to with attention.

In this manner did the captives in no long ſpace of time render themſelves of ſo much conſequence to their maſter, that he firſt made them his companions and then his confidants; committing to their ſecreſy the cauſe of his melancholy. Mr. Lewis

and

and Mr. G. Abington had not profited ſo little by the ſeverity of their fate, as to be ſtrangers to the conſoling arguments of Chriſtianity; and from theſe, as they were offered to him, Mr. Whittington received ſo much mental relief, that he kept the propoſers of them with him as much as poſſible. But though his mind was healing, his body ſeemed to be in a ſwift decay. In a ſhort period he was obliged to confine himſelf to his chamber; and ſoon after, to his bed. During the laſt ſtage of his illneſs, he ſeemed to be quite an altered and a happy man; and deſirous of ſettling his temporal affairs, he made his will; dividing his property, which was immenſe, into four equal parts—one to his father, who, as he had been informed, was ſtill living; one to his connections in Algiers, and the two other ſhares to Mr. G. Abington and Mr. Lewis, as ſome compenſation for the years of ſlavery he had inflicted upon them; making it his requeſt that they would continue with him till he died; and that as

ſoon

ſoon as poſſible after that event, which he ſeemed convinced was near, they would ſee his father and family, and unfold by degrees, the circumſtances of his recent death; his ſhameful renunciation of the Chriſtian faith, and his ſubſequent repentance and return. This they promiſed to do, and this performed; taking paſſage in the firſt ſhip that ſailed after his deceaſe, from Algiers to London; where being landed in ſafety, they ſoon found the Whittingtons, who (though now divided into ſeveral families) all reſided in the metropolis. After due preparation, the ſtory of the defunct was, with all poſſible tenderneſs, unfolded, which gave ſuch grief to all, eſpecially to the father, that the account of the affluent circumſtances in which he died was diſregarded. A rare inſtance, O reader, of the force of principle!

Our gentlemen now told the afflicted parent that previous to their departure from Africa, they had put affairs into ſuch a train, that nothing more would be neceſſary

than

than to draw bills upon a very reſpectable Engliſh merchant then at Algiers, as ſoon as they ſhould receive an account of the diſpoſal of the effects which they had left unſold. The good man made acknowledgments to them for the part they had acted, and ſaid, that had the ſon given them the whole of his property, he would ſtill have died their debtor: and more for the ſervice which they had been the means of rendering him, reſpecting his future exiſtence, than on account of the ſlavery to which for ſo many years he had ſubjected them.

"A queer way of reckoning," ſays the man of the world. "I have not been uſed "to ſuch arithmetic."

Moſt likely not, reverend Sir. Pounds, ſhillings and pence, are better ſuited to the droſſineſs of thy ſubſtance; and ſince thou thyſelf ſetteſt ſo little value upon that part of thee which, greatly againſt thy intereſt, thou wilt find to be immortal, thou canſt not be offended that we put thee down as a poor and worthleſs ſoul, however rich

thou

thou mayeſt boaſt thyſelf to be in poſſeſſing large quantities of the entrails of the earth. And ſo reverend Doctor—your Worſhip—or your Honor: your Lordſhip or your Grace—or your any thing you pleaſe—we take our leave of all your worthleſs diſtinctions, with an intention to meditate on the amazing difference between thee and that truly rich man who now trembles at the ſound of thy auguſt footſtep and bows down at thy preſence, becauſe he hath not ——

But he will ſpare the mortifying demonſtration, and permit thee to enjoy in as much quiet as thy great enemy, conſcience, will give the leave to do, this thy day—thy only day—of boaſted ſuperiority over thy at preſent oppreſſed fellow-immortals.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

The Captives finiſhed.

AFTER our quondam captives had performed their promiſe to the dying Mr. Whittington-Lorimer, they proceeded, after firſt ſending a preparatory note, to the houſe of Mr. Lewis's father, where their preſence occaſioned a tumult of joy; and they then poſted down to Beverly, with the intention of employing the ſame prudent intervention of a previous note: but their deſign in this reſpect was fruſtrated by the unexpected arrival of the Spencer carriage, which was going to convey the family to a town about a dozen miles diſtant from the Aviary, in compliance with an engagement, which they had made to ſpend *a long day* with ſome particular friends: to theſe, as ſoon as any one was ſufficiently compoſed to conſider the propriety of ſuch a meaſure, they ſent a meſſenger with excuſes.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

For which we cannot find a Title.

EXCEPT we should unexpectedly be decoyed from our intended path, we will now confine ourselves to the families with whom we are intimate at Beverly: that is to say, to the Aviary with Mr. Spencer, Mr. George Abington and his now happy Matilda:—to the Shrubbery with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Spencer, their Lucy, Matilda and Caroline:—to Mr. Abington's with that gentleman, his lady, Miss Abington, Miss Martha and Mr. Russel;—and to the Lodge with Mr. and Mrs. Percival, their five children, Stephen, Robert, Barbara, George and Deborah, Mrs. Percival the elder; Henry Seymour, and the charming little orphan, Harriet Montague.

Beloved

Beloved Readers!

You have here a ſecond recapitulation of the families with whom we wiſh you to be particularly acquainted, and will probably be affronted by our ſuppoſing it neceſſary ſo ſoon to refreſh your memories; but as we have travelled over vaſt tracts of the globe ſince we were laſt at Beverly, it ought not to be conſtrued into an offence to your retentive faculties, that, to make circumſtances perfectly eaſy to your recollection, we give ourſelves the trouble of taking a diſtinct review of our friends in that neighbourhood. We will indulge you in a little *grumbling*, as we know it is a diſorder to which you are prone, provided you forbear unloyal expreſſions; but if any proof ſhall be brought againſt you of abuſive language, we ſhall immediately expel you from the honor of being our ſubjects.

Given from our high court of judicature, and written with our own hand.

* * * *

The

The families of Beverly were now in apparent friendſhip with each other; and on three ſides it was perfectly ſincere, but the Percivals conſulted only their own intereſt in the union: they wiſhed to conciliate the eſteem of Mr. Spencer, who had it largely in his power to give what they deemed ſubſtantial proofs of his favor. The chief object that excited the envy of Mrs. R. Percival was Mrs. Spencer, to whoſe children ſhe had a particular averſion, veiled with a ſhow of fondneſs, which, ſo ſtrong was the general diſlike to this woman, few people believed to be real. The ſuſpicion raiſed by the unexpected loſs of Mr. E. Spencer's little girl, never perfectly ſubſided. Mrs. R. Percival's great kindneſs (which we have been rather unwilling to mention) to the child's nurſe—her remark of the "*poor woman's*" deep ſorrow upon the event—with her often officiouſly-expreſſed belief of the "*good creature's*" honeſty—ſo preſerving alive the whiſpered ap-

prehenſion, that it rather gathered ſtrength than otherwiſe, by the progreſs of time: but the family was rich; high in rank, and looked up to as the future ſovereign of the village. It was therefore reverenced, and its ſmiles courted by the perſpective eye of ſelf-intereſt.

The inordinate fondneſs of Mrs. R. Percival for our celebrated Spencer-Aviary, could not be gratified by the view of its being poſſeſſed by one of her children. No: ſhe wiſhed—it was a wiſh formed in early life—to be herſelf the miſtreſs of that magnificent habitation; and to atchieve this object, ſhe had ſacrificed, and was willing ſtill farther to offer up, if occaſion required, the conſciouſneſs of perfect rectitude. Her ſon Stephen—the heir apparent to Spencer-Aviary—ſhe educated with ideas of the neceſſity of a perfect ſubmiſſion to the will of his parents, and infuſed a belief that it was in her power to with-hold from him the eſtate; a power which ſhe vowed ſhe certainly

tainly would exert, if, upon his arrival at a proper age, he ſhould refuſe to ſign ſuch articles as ſhe might preſcribe.

Whether Mrs. R. Percival had actually the ſecret art of making this young man, as he grew up, believe, and ſubmit to her power; or whether, by promiſing implicit obedience, he had an eye to the jointured eſtate, which, from a hope of their eldeſt child's inheriting the Aviary, the Percivals had reſerved in their own diſpoſal; or whether he conſidered that the ſignature of a minor could not be binding in a Court of Juſtice, we do not take upon us to affirm; but certain it is that Stephen Percival, whoſe characteriſtic vice was avarice, very ſolemnly engaged by every method that could be deviſed, to ſubmit to the edict of his parents; or, in other words, to yield to them, when he ſhould become entitled to it, the poſſeſſion of the Aviary; even declaring that he ſhould be content with the view of being maſter of the Lodge during the term of *their* exiſtence:—and in

this determination he continued firm, notwithſtanding there were not wanting thoſe who aſſured him that his power would be abſolute. But as we have advanced conſiderably too forward in point of time, we will, in imitation of many a gallant officer, purſue a retrograde direction.

CHAP. XXVII.

The Tutor and Tutoreſs.

A Young gentleman of the name of Barker, who is henceforward to direct the ſtudies of the juvenile party, at Beverly Lodge, ſhall open this chapter. This gentleman was educated for the church, and had taken deacon's orders. He was the ſon of a clergyman who had not one quality to recommend him to the rich and powerful; being only a ſenſible; learned, and good man: circumſtances which were

ſcarce

ſcarce ever known to advance, in the clerical line, any one who was deſtitute of the more valuable poſſeſſions of birth and fortune.

Mr. Barker the elder, paſſed the whole term of his life, upon a curacy of ſixty pounds per annum, and having at an early age, loſt a wife of whom he was extremely fond, the education of this their only child was his ſole care, and thus young Barker was matured in the great and good principles of his father. He was recommended to Mr. Percival by a gentleman who lived near the eſtate of Mr. Seymour; and much honor did he reflect upon his recommender by the exertion of his too ſingular ablities.

Mrs. Mitchel, the governeſs, was a human being of a caſt quite different from Mr. Barker. In her youth, ſhe had figured in what is called LIFE; and perfectly knew the fit and the unfit, reſpecting dreſs and faſhionable decorum. No one entered a room with a better grace, or was more ſkilled in polite diſcourſe. Mrs. Mitchel

was the widow of a gentleman who had a ſmall place at Court; but living beyond his income, was obliged to go abroad, and after a ſhort abſence, died at Vienna. The lady now ſaw herſelf alone in the world, and endeavoured to make the moſt of her attractions: but her pride, if not her principle, forbad her liſtening to any *temporary* overtures, and no laſting ones, of ſufficient conſequence, were offered to her acceptance. She therefore cloſed with the propoſal of Mrs. Percival, with whom ſhe had long been intimate, of ſuperintending the ſeminary at the Lodge, for which office ſhe was extremely well calculated in the opinion of the faſhionable ladies of the preſent age! Had we, indeed, been conſulted, we ſhould have preferred Miſs Jermyn, who procured a recommendation to the Percivals from the clergyman of the Pariſh. This young lady was daughter to a gentleman who practiſed phyſic in a village near London. Her wiſh of being able to aſſiſt her mother and three ſiſters, who, at her father's death, found themſelves

themſelves in inconvenient circumſtances, induced her to ſeek a ſituation of pecuniary advantage. She had been educated by a great aunt, who put it out of her own power to perform her promiſe of providing for her niece, by giving way to her inclination of doing a greater *act of charity* in ſuddenly marrying a ſpruce young footman; for whom ſhe had previouſly given a bond to the Pariſh officers, to prevent his being thrown into jail on account of two ſeparate crimes very oppoſite to that of murder; the *ſmart-money* for which, ſome former levies of the ſame kind had rendered *the poor fellow* unable to diſcharge. But the good old lady had not denied herſelf the pleaſure of being of ſervice to her niece, by the above-related exertion of *pure* PHILANTHROPY before ſhe had rendered her perfectly qualified for the large fortune of which ſhe brought her up in expectation, by giving her what, without the uſual inverſion of language, might be called a finiſhed education. Miſs Jermyn, with a genteel perſon

and a pretty face, had a good underſtanding; a pleaſing diſpoſition, and politeneſs of manners. She was an adept in French and Italian; a proficient in muſic and drawing, and had, likewiſe, a competent knowledge of geography.

It has been inſinuated by your *miſanthropiſts*, who grudged Miſs Jermyn's aunt the exerciſe of her *benevolent* principles, that it was very cruel in the ancient gentlewoman to afford her niece ſuch an education, and then deprive her of the ſuitable fortune ſhe was continually bidding her expect: and indeed my dear ladies, whatever may be your *motive* for condemning the good woman's conduct, we perfectly agree in your opinion: but we adviſe you not to be too ſevere, leſt that ſeverity ſhould direct a ſcrutinizing eye to examine *your* conduct, which, however preciſe you may look upon the occaſion, will not, perhaps be able to endure a minute inveſtigation.

Miſs Jermyn's fine qualities were not of ſufficient conſequence to procure her admiſſion

miſſion into Beverly Lodge; but they gained her a ſituation a hundred times more deſirable. She was received at the Shrubbery. The little Miſſes Spencer were conſigned to her tuition, and the excellent and revered parent of the family, took her under his protection.

CHAP. XXVIII.

A Tribute to filial Affection.

WHENEVER we mention Mr. Spencer, we are immediately ſenſible of ſuch an elevation of ſentiment as makes it inconſiſtent to talk of ſuch earthly beings as the Percivals. Indeed we hardly know of any one whoſe given character, after his, would not form an anti-climax. A Suffolk gentleman of the name of Kilderbee, with whom we once had the honor of being intimately acquainted, but

who is now tranſlated (for he ſcarcely ſeemed to die) to a brighter—to his native region, bore the ſtrongeſt ſimilitude to him of any one that ever exiſted.

And now, reader, we cannot proceed any farther. Short as this chapter is, we muſt put an end to it, for the particular recollection of this gentleman, whoſe image is almoſt conſtantly in our idea, brings ſuch a variety of affecting incidents to our view, that we muſt drop the pen.

CHAP. XXIX.

Childhood.

MUSIC, drawing and dancing were taught the young ones at the Lodge and the Shrubbery, by three gentlemen who attended occaſionally upon the two families; under whoſe tuition the children, in general, made the expected progreſs; but the little Harriet Montague ſhone conſpicuous, to the mortification of the whole family of the Percivals, in every branch of knowledge.

At

At an early age ſhe could ſpeak both French and Italian with preciſion. Muſic was her native ſcience; her ſoul was harmony itſelf. In drawing, ſhe excelled all the reſt, and in dancing, fixed the attention of every one preſent. Her reading was juſt and melodious, and ſhe ſoon wrote a fine, ſwift hand. As ſhe grew up, ſhe delighted in the ſtudy of geography, and, indeed, in every ſtudy which could render a young woman amiable and accompliſhed. Yet it did not appear that ſhe labored at anything; for ſuch facility had ſhe by nature, that ſhe often caught what it was not intended ſhe ſhould ever learn. Mr. Ruſſel ſaw the wiſh of the Percivals to keep her backward; for which reaſon he frequently viſited the Lodge during the hours devoted to the teaching of the children, that he might, as much as poſſible, prevent a neglect of Miſs Montague; and, this gentleman was known to have ſo much intereſt with Mr. Spencer, that the Percivals did not chuſe to hazard a diſobedience to his injunctions reſpecting his favorite. Not that Mr. Ruſſel was ſo

impolitic as to declare his partiality to the little Harriet: he knew mankind too well to do that; for ſuch a declaration would doubtleſs have been an injury to her, rather than a benefit.

Mrs. Mitchel ſoon entered into the views of the family, to render the Miſſes Percival as accompliſhed as poſſible, and to leave Miſs Montague to nature, leſt, being too much poliſhed, ſhe ſhould prevent the preferment of the daughters of the houſe, by eclipſing their charms.

Mrs. Mitchel, therefore, was ſo kind as to with-hold from Harriet her particular inſtructions; and thus to ſave this young lady from the contagion of thoſe pernicious principles which ſhe freely imparted to her other pupils. Theſe, in proceſs of time, became diſtinguiſhed for their *good-breeding*, while Harriet ſhone with that true politeneſs which, in a good heart, originates from a deſire of pleaſing; and which, when reſtrained and directed by a good underſtanding, is greatly preferable to a punctilious obſervance of the rules of cold and formal

formal civility, and will ever render its poſſeſſors not only amiable, but valuable companions. Yet, let it be remembered, that our Harriet was not *deficient* even in faſhionable manners; only it did not appear that ſhe *ſtudied* to excel in them. She had from nature a great ſhare of diffidence and timidity, which her abundant vivacity prevented from being apparent to a diſagreeable exceſs, and which, of conſequence, effectually excluded every degree, both of conceit and forwardneſs. Indeed, before ſhe was checked by conſideration, ſhe was one of the wildeſt little creatures that ever lived, yet at the ſame time one of the tendereſt. At ſight of Mr. Ruſſel, whom both ſhe and the Percivals, in imitation of the little Spencers, always called uncle, ſhe would jump and clap her hands, as if ſhe knew not how to contain her tranſport. The good gentleman's partiality for her, which this fondneſs of her conduct neceſſarily encreaſed, and which he could not always ſufficiently diſguiſe, ſometimes cauſed a little

a little jealouſy among the children; Mr. Ruſſel, who frequently carried them cakes and ſweetmeats, being held by them all in great eſtimation.

"Pray Miſs," ſaid Miſs Percival, one day to Harriet, "what buſineſs have you to call "Mr. Ruſſel uncle! I am ſure he is not "any uncle of yours."

"As much as he is yours Miſs," returned Miſs Montague; "and my guardian, "into the bargain."—For ſo Mr. Ruſſel would ſometimes order her to call him, to the diſlike of Mrs. Percival; who repented that ſhe had ever troubled him about the child's affairs.

"I am ſure, couſin Harriet," ſaid Miſs Deborah, "Mr. Ruſſel cannot be your un-"cle, for your papa was nothing but a "ſoldier."

"Do not abuſe my papa, Miſs Debba," returned Harriet, the glow of reſentment covering her little face; "he was as good "as your papa: and nurſe Watkins has "often and often told me he was a fine "gentle-

" gentleman; and my mama was your " papa's ſiſter, Miſs; and ſhe was a lady."

" And you ſhall be a lady too," joined in Henry Seymour, who always ſided with the pretty Harriet, " for all *your* croſſneſs, " Miſs Debba; or yours either, Miſs Bab;" ſpeaking with a haughty air to Miſs Percival.

" A pretty lady!" ſaid Maſter Percival, " for I heard my mama tell Mrs. Quaintly " that ſhe would have only eight hundred " pounds; and perhaps, if all her papa's debts " were paid, not that; for mama ſaid ſo " yeſterday."

" But ſhe ſhall have more than that, " brother Stephen," ſaid little George; " for I will give her ſome of my money " when I am a man."

" And pray who will give it to you?" aſked the ſullen Robert. " Perhaps papa will " not let you have any, becauſe you are the " youngeſt; for Stephen and I are both " before you."

" Well, I ſhall not quarrel with you,

" couſin

"couſin Bobby," ſaid Harriet, jumping about the room, her anger being ſubſided; "for it is not worth while. Mr. Ruſſel "loves me, and my couſin Spencers love "me; and if you do not, I cannot help it "you know; but I ſhall love you for all "that."

A ſummons into the teaching-room prevented any farther altercation, and a viſit, in the evening, from the family at the Srubbery made them all frends again.

"Pray," ſaid Lucy Spencer to her mother, as they ſat at tea—"pray, mama let me ſtay "all night with my couſin Montague; or "elſe let her go home with us."

"She cannot go without your other cou-"ſins my dear," returned the mother; "but we will aſk Mrs. Richard Percival to "give them all leave to return with us, as "tomorrow will be a play-day."

"I wiſh we could have Harriet," ſaid Caroline; "and I wiſh for George, and "Maſter Seymour; but, mama, I do not "like my other couſins."

"No

"No more do I," added Matilda, "they "are ſo proud and ſo croſs."

All this was whiſpered to Mrs Spencer by her little girls as they ſat beſide her upon a ſopha, for which ſhe reproved them, and her ſharpneſs ſo affected the gentle Lucy, that ſhe dropt a tear and promiſed to love all her couſins, if ſhe might love Harriet beſt; to which Mrs. Spencer forbore making any reply, as ſhe could not but approve her daughter's partiality.

CHAPTER XXX.

A Dialogue between Mrs. Percival and Mrs. Mitchel.

MY dear, criticiſing, chronological, ſnapping, ſnarling readers, will now begin to calculate the age of the young ones whoſe converſation made a part of our laſt chapter, and upon a curſory review, will give themſelves the conſequence of having found an abſurdity in the puerile dialogue, by

by imagining that there muſt be too much difference between the years of the oldeſt and the youngeſt to allow its conſiſtency.

The period at which we now write is a very pleaſant one, and we find ourſelves in ſuch perfect good humor with all around us, that we will condeſcend to prove our not having made any miſtake in this particular, by arguments perfectly level to the capacities of the perſons in queſtion.

Henry Seymour, now arrived at the age of twelve (for we advance in our hiſtory with what ſpeed we think proper, without aſking leave of the tardy imagination of any gentleman or lady whatſoever) was one year older than Stephen Percival, who had only by three years the ſtart of his youngeſt ſiſter, Miſs Deborah.

"How! how! how is that!" cries one and all. "The eldeſt of five children no "more than three years older than the "youngeſt! it cannot be! it is not poſſi-"ble!"

Notwithſtanding the impoſſibility, my good

good friends, it really was the caſe, as Mrs. R. Percival *told thoſe who told them that told us*—a proof-poſitive for aſſertions ſtill *more impoſſible* than this, and which I dare ſay you have often advanced in that court of judicature—a tea table circle, when inſtigated by envy to aſſiſt in the condemnation of ſome female culprit, whoſe criminality conſiſted in her being young, beautiful, lively, and agreeable; and of courſe a monopolizer of general admiration.

Mrs. R. Percival's ſpeed in producing her *firſt* child has been reprobated by at leaſt three fourths of our friends, but her ſubſequent celerity will, it is to be ſuppoſed, paſs without any cenſure. When it be recollected that ſhe once had two at one birth [Robert and Barbara], a circumſtance which we declared in due form and time, our ſagacious criticiſers will allow that a leſs period than we have given, would have been ſufficient for the birth of the five.

We do not, madam, wiſh to be thought *very* nice calculators, therefore will leave it to your

your more profound wiſdom to ſatisfy the cavillers, while we proceed with aſſerting that Stephen Percival was only eleven, when Deborah, his youngeſt ſiſter completed her eighth year. The little Spencers were nearly of the age of their couſins; Caroline, the youngeſt of both families, being born when Miſs Debby was ſix months old; after which Mrs. R. Percival was two or three times *enceinte*, but from various accidents as frequently miſcarried. Harriet Montague was ſome months younger than Maſter Seymour.

And now, readers, if you have any other objections to raiſe, we requeſt you to be expeditious in producing them, leſt our condeſcending humor, which begins to evaporate, ſhould go off entirely. We are already fatigued with the conceſſion we have made to your querulous diſpoſitions, and we cannot, much longer, have patience with your futile obſervations. In one word—have you any thing more to object?

"No, no, no," methinks I hear you all ſay

ſay in one voice; "we only wiſh to have "you proceed with your ſtory, which we "muſt ſay has been very ſlow in its pro- "greſs."

In that opinion we agree with you, and will endeavour to haſten our moments; but muſt firſt give you a little piece of converſation which about this time paſſed between old Mrs. Percival and Mrs. Mitchel, and as we ſuppoſe you have ſufficient taſte to be fond of the drama, we will to indulge you, as well as to ſpare ourſelves the trouble of frequently repeating "ſays one and ſays the "other," give you the ſhort dialogue as it paſſed, after previouſly deſiring you to imagine the ladies ſeated in an arbor while the children were playing on a graſs-plot before them. When the ladies had given ſome attention to the manœuvres of the young ones, they thus began:

Mrs. Percival. Upon my word, Maſter Seymour grows a very handſome lad.

Mrs. Mitchel. He does indeed, madam, and

and has quite the appearance of a youth of fashion.

Mrs. Percival. Very much so, I think; but he seems to want ambition.

Mrs. Mitchel. Mr. Barker too forcibly, in my opinion, inculcates humility; which, I affronted him last night, by saying, is a mean unfashionable virtue.

Mrs. Percival [*observing the children*]. I can hardly help thinking, Mrs. Mitchel, that you endeavor to give the manners of Harriet Montague a higher polish than will suit her future situation.

Mrs. Mitchel. Indeed, madam, I never take any pains with her. What she possesses, she has from nature, or catches by accident: I mean as to accomplishments; for Mr. Barker takes particular care to instruct her in knowledge. As to French and Italian—she speaks those languages nearly as well as she does English. Drawing, she cannot be kept from; and music, in which you know Mr. Russel insists upon her being instructed,

she

ſhe actually ſeems to *inherit*. It likewiſe appears as if ſhe had been taught to dance from infancy.

Mrs. Percival. Why, all that is true; and I cannot but ſay I am ſorry for it; as her fortune will inevitably be trifling; for I ſhall not rob my ſon's family to give it to the child of a man to whom I had always a diſlike. If it was not for that impertinent Mr. Ruſſel, who has ſuch a great ſway with old Spencer, I would remove her from Beverly.

Mrs. Mitchel. You ſurely, madam, have a right to do as you pleaſe with your granddaughter.

Mrs. Percival. True: but were I to ſend her away, decency would oblige me to give ſome account of her, and then I know Mr. Ruſſel would ſoon get her to either Spencer-Aviary, or the Shrubbery.

Mrs. Mitchel. Well then, let him maintain her: and let him, likewiſe, give her a ſuitable fortune.

Mrs.

Mrs. Percival. No: such a proceeding would alter the plan upon which I have resolved. A rooted dislike to her parents occurs with every recollection of them; renders their offspring disgusting to me, and presents her as inimical to the interest of my son's children. Let what will be the consequence, I will, if possible, prevent her entrance into either of the before-mentioned families; which is the reason (lest it should increase their fondness), why I so steadily refuse her visiting there without me; telling Mr. Russel (for I was *obliged* to take a little liberty) that I had promised my daughter to keep her perpetually under my own eye, after she should be old enough to imbibe instruction; that my promise bound me, or I should be happy in Harriet accepting their invitations.

Mrs. Mitchel [*smiling*]. The liberty you mention, my dear madam, *must* sometimes be taken with people who think so oddly as the Spencers, and most of the Abingtons do.

do. Miſs Martha excepted, I proteſt I do not think there is one amongſt them with rational ideas.

Mrs. Percival. Indeed there is not: their ſentiments of charity, generoſity, and diſintereſtedneſs, are quite romantic. They ſeem to live not for themſelves, but for other people. But obſerve that child—Maſter Seymour I mean; how gallantly the little rogue carries himſelf! His attention ſeems fixed upon Barbara. It would give great ſatisfaction to us all if ſhe could fix him for life.

Mrs. Mitchel. To effect which, I aſſure you madam, I have exerted my utmoſt efforts ever ſince I perceived what your wiſhes were; and told him, the other day, in plain terms, that I thought Miſs Percival would make him an elegant little wife.

Mrs. Percival. Excuſe me, Mrs. Mitchel, that I ſay you did not then proceed with your uſual adroitneſs. If you wiſh young people to form an attachment, prohibit their intimacy. Nine times in ten, this method will

ſucceed. It is however very early with our couple. A year or two hence, and we will try to manage them.

Mrs. Mitchel. With deference, madam, to your ſuperior experience, I think in ſuch juvenile days, the beſt mode is to encourage the ideas I have endeavored to inſtil; and then, as theſe ſentiments begin to be lively, before too much familiarity with them has brought on an indifference, to forbid, all at once, with much gravity, as if it was already a matter of conſequence, any farther particular acquaintance.

Mrs. Percival [*after a ſhort conſideration*]. Mrs. Mitchel, I ſubmit to your opinion: you certainly have projected the beſt method of proceeding. Purſue your plan; I hope it will be ſucceſsful. If it *be*—depend upon what I ſay—you ſhall not go without a diſtinguiſhed reward; for I will acknowledge to you that this is a matter upon which we have all ſet our hearts.

A conſiderable deal more, to the ſame purpoſe paſſed between theſe artful women, who

who perfectly underſtood each others meaning. Mrs. Mitchel was as ſubtile as moſt of her ſex; and as to Mrs. Percival—ſhe was a perfect female-Machiavel.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Youth. Self-detection; and a Treat for the tender Paſſions.

IT is ſix years ſince the date of our laſt chapter. Henry Seymour is conſequently eighteen, and Miſs Caroline Spencer between thirteen and fourteen years of age. The ages of the intermediate ones, the reader will eaſily calculate. But beware, O ye ſuſceptible ſons of Britannia! how you take into your mind's eye the image of Harriet Montague! She was—we cannot ſay *what* ſhe was. Take her altogether, ſhe was charming in the extreme. She was beautiful. She was *bewitching*. We once heard a lovely, lively young woman compared to the ſweet wild tones produced by

an Æolian harp. Such was our Harriet. But ſhe was more. In her ſerene moments (and ſurely never gaiety, ſoftneſs and ſerenity ſo ſweetly modulated each other before), her appearance, manners and converſation harmonized the ſoul like the fineſt and moſt perfect muſic that ever was compoſed.

Richardſon has given us his Pamela; his Clariſſa Harlowe; Miſs Byron, and Clementina, as models of beauty and accompliſhment. Fielding has favored us with a Sophia Weſtern; and other writers with other deſcriptions, but there is not one amongſt them that depicts our Harriet Montague; for ſhe did not bear any reſemblance to Pamela: nor was ſhe ſo grave as circumſtances made Clariſſa. Not ſo prim as the faſhion of the times rendered Miſs Byron; nor ſo ſtately as the pride of Italy, Clementina. Neither was ſhe like Sophia Weſtern. In ſhort, ſhe was ſuch an aſſemblage of charms as perhaps never before met in the form of a female. To mention the

fine

fine and eaſy proportion of her frame—the lovelineſs of her complexion—the roſes in her cheeks—the peculiar beauty of her hair—her lips—her teeth, or even her eyes, excelling as they were, would be injuſtice to every unnoticed elegance and grace; as every feature, and every part of her frame merited equal diſtinction. But faſcinating as was her exterior, it was her MIND that perfected her power over all hearts but thoſe of the Percivals. The quickneſs, the fineneſs, the depth of her underſtanding; ſo duly tempered by the diffidence, timidity and ſweetneſs of her diſpoſition, which was ſoftneſs itſelf, though lively beyond idea, rendered her, not only a truly pleaſing, but an enchanting companion. Every faſhion became her: everything ſat well upon her, and her appearance at once evinced ſentiments of gentleneſs and conſequence.

Could ſuch a youth, as we have deſcribed Henry Seymour to be, live inſenſible to ſuch an aſſemblage of beauties? No: he ſaw—he admired—he loved her perfections.

The rising charms of Miss Montague grew in his heart; encreased with his sentiments of existence; and his affection was fixed long before he was conscious of any particular attachment. Often would he compare Harriet with Miss and Miss Debby Percival; turning his eye upon first one, then another of the young ladies: resting it with an almost involuntary caution, when he saw himself observed, upon the latter or her sister; which led the elders to think their plan would eventually prove successful.

Could *Harriet*, it will now be asked, be insensible to the partiality of *Henry Seymour?* She was. She saw not that he regarded her with any distinguishable attention. Henry Seymour—to whose superiority every generous youth submitted with pleasure—whom every woman beheld with approbation—long experienced the most tender and ardent affection, while its lovely object continued unconscious of the effect of her attractions. She knew, indeed, that she was

was in poſſeſſion of his friendly regard; and was ſenſible of the continual proofs which every day afforded her of his eſteem; but love, however ſtrange it may ſeem to ſome of my readers, had not taken off the veil, which he wore, of fraternal affection, and Harriet was not conſcious of there being any other ſentiment between them than that which cemented the hearts of brothers and ſiſters.

We wiſh here to ſtop the progreſs of our tale, by again preſenting to our friends the image of the youth who ſo early yielded to the tender paſſion; but we cannot find language to give an adequate idea of the elegance of his figure; much leſs are we capable of doing juſtice to his mental merits. It has been ſaid that not one of the heroines of our Richardſon or Fielding would anſwer the deſcription which juſtice demanded us to give of Miſs Montague. With equal truth it may be affirmed that Henry Seymour could not be drawn from their heroes. Of the perſon of Pamela,

Mr. B. we never could form any diſtinct idea. Sir Charles Grandiſon and Tom Jones ſtand more conſeſt, and, in appearance, they perhaps would, in ſome reſpects, portray our favorite: but his mind, though he had many of the qualities of both, was upon the whole, different from either. The figure of Mr. Seymour was tall and commanding; yet the greateſt condeſcenſion and gentleneſs appeared in his manner. The moſt lively ſenſibility, with traits, perhaps rather too conſpicuous, of impetuoſity preſided in his countenance and actions. Like his Harriet, he had a great deal of vivacity; yet, like her, was entirely void of any inclination to be *witty*—a modiſh accompliſhment uncongenial with the ſweetneſs of their diſpoſitions: but it has been obſerved in both that when provoked to it by the tart folly of their companions, the weapon of wit was not beyond their reach; though very ſeldom uſed.

And here let me requeſt of the ſmart retorting Miſſes of the preſent age, that they would

would endeavor to reſtrain, rather than encourage, the faculty of repartee. Good ſenſe is not to be diſplayed by a quaintneſs of expreſſion; a well adapted phraſe, or a glibly-given opinion. No: this habit of converſation—this knack of talking, may be acquired by an early commerce with the world; by a native unfeminine aſſurance, or by an immoderate quantity of ſimple ſelf-conceit. Good ſenſe conſiſts in *idea*, however imperfectly expreſſed; and is to be diſcerned in an evident *juſtneſs of thinking*, rather than by much talking. Be you, therefore, my dear young lady, more deſirous of ſpeaking with more rectitude than fluency. Endeavor to appear leſs bold and forward than diffident and withdrawing. Men *liſten* to the ſoft ſtill ſpeaker, when ſhe is not affectedly ſo, at the ſame time that they would be emulous to ſubdue and ſilence a noiſy one. If at any time you are drawn into an argument, let it be ſeen that you are not more deſirous of convincing than of being convinced, and let a com-

plaiſant attention to your opponent be conſtantly viſible, diveſted of an apparent eagerneſs to reply. In ſhort, let your converſation be that of a ſenſible and an amiable young woman, rather than of a *learned gentleman*; which latter ſimilitude will aſſuredly procure you the contempt of both ſexes.

To return to the attractive perſon of our Mr. Seymour—the color of his hair was a fine hazel brown; that of his eyebrows conſiderably darker. His eyes, like Miſs Montague's, were ſoft and ſparkling: for their color we can hardly find a compariſon; that of bright coffee ſeems to be nearer than any other. His noſe was a beautifully ſhaped aquiline. The bloom of health played upon his cheeks, and with all his gentleneſs, intrepidity was conſpicuous in his actions.

We have ſaid that Harriet was inſenſible to the affectionate partiality of Henry Seymour; and that ſhe regarded him as a friend and brother: but the time approached when

when ſhe was to be made ſenſible that her attachment to this amiable youth was compoſed of ſentiments more warm and lively than thoſe of bare eſteem.

Sitting one morning in an arbor, with a pencil in her hand, taking a view of a diſtant proſpect, Mrs. Percival and Mrs. Mitchel entered into a Chineſe alcove which joined the arbor at its back, and fearful of being diſcovered at that employ, in which ſhe was always diſcouraged, ſhe ſlided to one corner, where ſhe thought ſhe ſhould remain unſeen, without the leaſt idea of being privy to their converſation. The ladies ſat down upon one of the benches; and now Harriet trembled for the conſequence of her folly in not immediately quitting the arbor at their approach to the alcove; but ſhe hoped that they would not ſtay long, and apprehenſive of an angry lecture for not being better engaged, ſhe ventured to ſit ſtill. At length Mrs. Percival, who at her entrance was reading a letter, ſaid to Mrs. Mitchel

—" theſe arrangements can eaſily be made after our young men are gone to college.

" And is Henry Seymour," aſked Harriet of herſelf, " going to college?" " Why " yes, to be ſure"—was her mental reply: and ſhe ſighed at the certainty which her reaſon gave her of the circumſtance. " I " ſhall then ſee him but ſeldom:" and ſhe ſighed again involuntarily, motioning (forgetful of her ſituation) to leave the arbor, for her ſeat ſeemed uneaſy. But ſhe recollected herſelf, and ſat ſtill. At that juncture Mrs. R. Percival entered the alcove and told the two ladies that a letter was juſt arrived from Mr. Bullion, who very readily accepted the propoſals reſpecting his daughter, and that he wiſhed the nuptials to take place between her and Mr. Stephen Percival on the day the young gentleman ſhould become poſſeſſed of Spencer-Aviary.

This piece of intelligence, new as it was, did not affect, though it ſurpriſed Miſs Mon-

Montague. The idea of Mr. Seymour's leaving Berverly was predominant.

" It would be a clever thing" ſaid Mrs. Percival, " if the ſame day which unites " Stephen and Miſs Bullion, ſhould join " Barbara and Henry Seymour."

Harriet was as if thunderſtruck.

" I ſee no reaſon why it ſhould *not* be," replied Mrs. Mitchel, " for his partiality " for her is very diſcernable."

" I think it is," added Mrs. R. Percival, " I often catch him gazing at her with at- " tention."

A ſummons from the houſe now relieved Miſs Montague, by occaſioning the ladies to quit the alcove. For a few moments ſhe pauſed; then burſt into tears.

" Mr. Seymour to marry Miſs Percival!" exclaimed ſhe in her mind. " Well, and " why ſhould that diſturb *me!*" " I wiſh " them both happy" — continued ſhe to herſelf, while a ſecond ſhower of tears covered her lovely face. " He will then be " my couſin, and now, though I ſometimes

" call

" call him brother, he is not, in reality, any " relation. But Miſs Percival is ſo croſs— " however if he loves her—"

At that moment Henry Seymour appeared at a diſtance. For the firſt time in her life ſhe ſaw him with diſpleaſure, and leſt he ſhould enter the walk which led to the arbor, haſtily quitted it and went into the houſe a round-about way.

The remaining part of the morning was ſpent by Harriet with new ſenſations. She often aſked herſelf the cauſe of her diſquiet, but could not give any ſatisfactory reply.

At dinner, her eyes appeared red and ſwelled, which, in ſilence, was particularly noticed by Mr. Seymour. He knew how negligently ſhe was treated by the Percivals, and concluded that their unkindneſs had been the cauſe of her uneaſineſs. Towards the evening of this day Miſs Montague walked to a little grove, which was at a ſhort diſtance from the houſe, and ſeated herſelf upon a bench within its encloſures. She ſat ſome time muſing and wondering why

why ſhe was not ſo happy as uſual, and when ſhe had almoſt perſuaded herſelf that nothing was the matter, her couſin Barbara, *as Mr. Seymour*, glided acroſs her imagination. "Good Heavens, how happy ſhe will "be!" exclaimed the now partly conſcious Harriet, in a whiſper to herſelf. "Well, and "ſhall I not be glad to ſee her happy! She "is not, indeed, very kind to me now, but "perhaps when ſhe is married ſhe will aſk "me to viſit her."

Theſe would have been her expreſſions had her thoughts been put into language.

Juſt then, ſhe again ſaw the principal object of her contemplation. Mr. Seymour had been exceedingly diſtreſſed all day on account of the unuſual ſolemnity of Harriet's countenance, and being determined to enquire into the cauſe, he watched for an opportunity of ſpeaking to her alone, and at length ſaw her leave the houſe and direct her ſteps to the grove before-mentioned.

And now, however improper the period may be deemed by ſome of our impatient readers,

readers, we ſhall leave Mr. Seymour in his approach to the fair, whoſe heart was unuſually fluttered by his appearance, while we give an account of the regulations that had been made in the family at the Lodge ſince the young people were no longer to be conſidered as children. Miſs Debby, indeed was ſcarce fourteen, but ſhe was ſuch a pert, womanly girl, both in her perſon, manner and converſation, that an obſerver would have judged her to have been as old as Miſs Montague, whom Miſs Percival appeared to *exceed* in age, having the countenance and behavior of a young woman of twenty. It was probably owing to the encouragement theſe two Miſſes had to bring themſelves forward, that they attained this ſhow of womanhood; as upon all occaſions—"Do not you think ſo Bar-"bary?" And—"what is your opinion "Debby?"—were the queſtions put to theſe young ladies by their injudicious friends, who received their anſwers with approbation; while every reply made to the

addreſs

addreſs of a ſtranger, by the charming Harriet, was treated with ſuch contempt, that had ſhe not had more than a common ſhare of vivacity; it muſt have damped her ſpirit; but ſhe roſe ſuperior to every inſult, and ſmiled away, though ſometimes with a ſigh, every inſtance of unkindneſs. Mr. Barker, Mr. Ruſſel and Henry Seymour were her conſtant friends; and indeed every creature who knew her but the Percivals, and Mrs. Mitchel; who cordially cloſed with the views of the family.

The regulations of the houſe, which we had almoſt forgot having entered upon, were, that the female part of the family ſhould now inhabit the ſuit of rooms formerly fitted up for the common reception of the children and teachers, and that the gentlemen ſhould purſue their ſtudies or amuſements at the other end of the building; meeting the ladies only at the hours of eating.

This was an arrangement of Mrs. Perci-

val's,

val's, who objected to a frequent intercourse of the young people, as being detrimental to the plan of the securing to Miss Percival the affection of Henry Seymour; and rightly judging that too constant a familiarity would be apt to destroy the ardency of the attachment, which Mrs. Mitchel had persuaded her that she had observed between the destined couple.

The mode pursued had certainly the presaged effect of keeping in continual liveliness the predilection of the juvenile Henry; but Miss Montague, and not Miss Percival, was the chosen object of the lovely youth; a circumstance which never entered into the heads of any of the managing family. Whether the young couple were instinctively cautious of permitting their almost insensible bias to be discovered; or whether the passion on both sides was so pure and, for a time, so gentle, that it did not affect either the words or the actions of its victims, we cannot determine; but certain it

it is that none but Mr. Barker, who ſaw the dawning tenderneſs with pleaſure, had the leaſt idea of their mutual partiality.

The family of the Percivals lived as the phraſe is *quite in ſtyle*, and entered into every gaiety which the country afforded. Continually viſiting or viſited, they had not much time for reflexion. Mrs. Mitchel, though regular teaching was now laid aſide, remained at the Lodge in the character of an inſtructing friend, and Mr. Barker, who occaſionally continued his lectures, ſtaid to go with the young gentlemen to college. Miſs Montague, ſometimes at her own requeſt, that ſhe might uninterruptedly purſue her favorite ſtudies, and ſometimes on account of the fulneſs of the carriages, was often left at home, when the ladies viſited in the vicinity, except when they went to the Abingtons or Spencers, where Mr. Ruſſel always inſiſted upon ſeeing her with her couſins. This good friend frequently made her preſents of money; both that ſhe might gratify the charitable diſpoſition of her

her heart, and appear as genteel as the reſt of the family.

On the evening to which we were arrived when we began with the arrangement at Beverly-Lodge, all the ladies, Harriet excepted, were gone to viſit at Havington-Hall, where many matters of vaſt importance were talked over, which, if related, would greatly entertain ſome of our friends; but we muſt now haſten to the receſs where we left our favorite, who at the inſtant of our deſerting her, obſerved the approach of Mr. Seymour, and doubted not but he would proceed to the place of her retirement, it being a ſpot frequently viſited by all the young people.

As the intelligence ſhe had gained in the morning was of ſuch conſequence in her opinion as entirely to engroſs her ideas, it was a natural ſuppoſition that it muſt be a prevailing circumſtance in the contemplation of others; at leaſt of thoſe who were ſo much concerned in it, as was the object now in view, and fearful leſt he ſhould ſuſ-

pect

pect its being the cauſe of her ſerioufneſs, ſhe determined to endeavor to appear as chearful as poſſible, and to keep her ſitting as ſhe would have done, had ſhe not been acquainted with the intended event.

As he approached nearer to the grove, her heart throbbed in an unuſual manner, and ſhe was alarmed at her own agitation. When he entered, ſhe looked confuſed. She bluſhed: ſhe trembled; and her meditated ſhow of indifference, vaniſhed in a moment. He ſaw her perplexity, and ſeating himſelf beſide her, took one of her hands, and aſked with anxious tenderneſs, the occaſion of her diſcompoſure.

"Nothing," ſaid ſhe in a faultering accent; "nothing of conſequence." "You "cannot," returned he, "be thus affected "without ſome cauſe. What have I done "that I may not be truſted with your "grievances?"

"You know," ſaid Miſs Montague, with the firſt evaſion ſhe had ever practiſed, "that I am ſometimes a little ſenſible of the

"unkind

" unkind treatment I meet with from my " relations. But," continued ſhe, wiſhing to turn the ſubject, " you are, I underſtand, " ſoon going to college." Then immediately recollecting the inference for which the obſervation gave room—" Not that *that* —not that I—"

She could not ſay more, for venturing to look up, ſhe ſaw Seymour's eyes fixed upon her face with expreſſive tranſport, while he ſeemed to wait in anxious expectation of farther confirmation of the now preſaged cauſe of her concern. But finding ſhe could not proceed, and too generous to encreaſe his own happineſs by paining a delicacy which he knew to be real, he replied, " I have " long contemplated, with regret, the ne- " ceſſity of my abſence from Beverly; with " more regret than I can expreſs: for what " ſhall I do" [tenderly preſſing one of her hands in his] " when I cannot ſee my Har- " riet every day!"

The ſtrongeſt fit of a tertian ague could not more forcibly have affected the frame

of

of the lovely girl, than did this ſentence. She trembled exceſſively, and her cheek was ſuffuſed with the brighteſt crimſon. For a few moments ſhe could not ſpeak, during which time Mr. Seymour, likewiſe, ſeemed almoſt incapable of articulation. At length, however, ſhe recollected herſelf, and ſaid with an averted eye:—"You ſurely "mean, when you cannot every day ſee "Miſs Percival."

"Miſs Percival!" echoed he, with real ſurpriſe. "What compariſon can Miſs "Percival bear in my idea with Miſs Mon-"tague!"

"Do not flatter," ſaid ſhe, half angry. "Do not diſſemble. You need not ſurely "diſguiſe your ſentiments to one whom you "have ſo often called your ſiſter."

"My ſiſter!" replied the ardent youth. "My *more* than ſiſter—more than *friend*. "No exiſting creature is ſo dear to me as "my Harriet."

This was the firſt time anything expreſſive of more than fraternal affection had paſſed

paſſed between our amiable couple, and it was not entirely unpremeditated. Henry ſought, indeed, to find his Harriet, that he might inquire the cauſe of grief which he perceived in her countenance, but he had not, at that time any farther intention. He had long been conſcious of her being veſted with a power over his happineſs, and wiſhed to make her ſenſible of the ardency of his ſentiments, and to find that her gentle heart beat in uniſon with his own; yet he feared to change his ſtyle of addreſſing her, leſt he ſhould deprive himſelf of the felicity he had always found in her unreſtrained converſation whenever, by accident, he could engage her alone. The effort Miſs Montague made to turn his idea from a ſubject which (becauſe it was uppermoſt with her) ſhe apprehended was a leading idea with him, by mentioning his going to college, was the incident that involuntarily led Mr. Seymour to ſpeak in the language of his heart. And in the language of his heart he *did* ſpeak; for

nothing

nothing but the words of truth fell from his lips.

The ſubject was now advanced—the path was opened; and ſo exquiſitely ſweet was the entrance, that the young travellers had no power to reſiſt the incitement which drew them on to proceed.

Reader! Art thou of a phlegmatic habit! Canſt thou not of thyſelf conceive the ſoft, the bewitching happineſs of the ſcene before thee?—where two pure hearts—unhackneyed in deceit—unſkilled in the arts of deluſion, are unfolding to each other the gentleſt, yet moſt ardent paſſion that ever warmed the human breaſt! If thou *art* inſenſible to this kind gift of nature, what can we ſay to animate the dreary wilderneſs of which thy frozen mind is an epitome!!! We commiſerate thy wretchedneſs, and will do what we can to warm thee into life—to thaw that ice-lump called a heart which occupies thy boſom. We will lead thee into the midſt of an Arcadian grove, where, if thou wilt open the eye of

imagination, thou mayeſt ſee one of the moſt beautiful maids in the Creation, ſeated under a ſpreading oak, delicately, yet candidly, acknowledging what it was not in her power to deny—that Beverly, when Seymour was gone, would no longer confine her ideas. Thou mayeſt ſee one of the fineſt figures; one of the handſomeſt of Britiſh youths, rapturouſly bending over the face of his Harriet, whom he ventured to ſupport with an encircling arm, liſtening with the ſupremeſt of earthly delights, to the heſitating accents which, though they did not expreſsly confirm, led him to hope that her heart was all his own.

Avert not thine eye from our picture, O Genius of Purity! There is not even in our imagination, one trait uncongenial with thy eſſence. The fabled Diana herſelf might have gazed with approbation—with pleaſure, upon our lovely couple: nay even Angels would witneſs ſuch a ſcene with ſmiles of applauſe.

The ſentiment O reader! which actuated

our

our favorites, was not that paſſion, miſcalled love, which often leads our giddy youth to Gretna Green. Not the *affection* which binds together, in wretched exiſtence, two people of high birth, or great riches, becauſe they *are* ſo born or ſo endowed. Not the predilection which influences the wiſhes of miſs to be "my lady," or the miſtreſs of a fine houſe and equipage. The attachment of our Henry and his Harriet was founded in purity; in virtue; on an habitual conviction of the goodneſs and amiableneſs of each other's diſpoſition; on the conſcious congeniality of their ſouls. This was the principle—this the ground upon which the fervency of their youthful minds raiſed that ſuperſtructure which truly deſerved the name of genuine affection. They loved before they knew it; and without knowing why; ſo inſenſibly did their union of hearts increaſe with their years. Surely they were now amongſt the happieſt of their kind! They were to each other, all the Univerſe; and could they

thenceforth have lived in continual retirement; would probably never have wiſhed for a ſtate of more felicity. Hence the argument for the utility—the ſalutarineſs of worldly diſappointments and perplexities. Our frames are mortal and muſt decay; therefore the Great, the Benevolent Author of our being caſts ſhadows over our preſent proſpects, that we may lift our eyes above the clouds that frequently ſurround us, in ſearch of thoſe radiant bleſſings which the taſte we here have of felicity, leads us earneſtly to deſire. Troubles are ſent from the tendereſt mercy, and if rightly received and made uſe of, will ſecure to us the higheſt happineſs our imaginations can portray.

Ye cautious mothers!—anxious for your daughter's ſafety—ſhut not theſe our pages from their eye leſt our picture ſhould lead their minds from prudence and reſerve: rather encourage them to cultivate the ſentiment, built upon the principle, which conquered the young heart of Miſs Montague.

gue. This purity of affection for a deſerving object will ſecure them againſt the contagion of vice and folly—againſt faſhion and coquetry—againſt a ſordid joyleſs matrimony, and miſerable old-age: *and* againſt the very error into which you may be apprehenſive that our tale ſhould draw them—a paſſionate inclination for a deſigning libertine.

That no exiſting creature was ſo dear to him as his Harriet—was Henry's laſt aſſertion.

Miſs Montague bluſhed, but ſhe looked grave, and involuntarily made a motion with her head which ſeemed to imply a doubt. He underſtood her apprehenſion, and with ſurpriſe and anxiety aſked whence it could ariſe. Her reply led to other queſtions, which, in the end, unravelled the cauſe of her morning's concern. Mr. Seymour was charmed by the effect of the groundleſs ſuggeſtion: he now openly avowed the ardour of his ſentiments, while ſhe liſtened with ſilent pleaſure; her eyes however,

however, and her bluſhes performing the office of her tongue, and evincing that her heart underſtood his language.

Near two hours were paſſed in this indeſcribable happineſs, when Miſs Montague heard a diſtinct ſound of carriages.

"The family is returning," ſaid ſhe. "Mr. Seymour you muſt now leave me."

"With more reluctance," replied the youth, "than I ever left you before, how-"ever unwilling I always was to quit your "company. The endearing moments I "have this evening paſſed, will ever be a "remembered period in my life; and I "hope the time will come when my Har-"riet will dare to acknowledge that it is "not entirely forgotten by her."

A ſweet confuſion played upon her face, while he taking her hand, which he preſſed with fervor to his lips, ſaid—"Forgive me "my beloved Miſs Montague that I can-"not, as I wiſh to do, reſtrain my raptures. "My heart is filled with happineſs and it "*will* overflow. I only leave you becauſe

"you

" you deſire that I ſhould. I ſhall ſee you " ſoon at ſupper."

" O no!" ſaid ſhe, " I cannot go into " the ſupper room this evening."

" Why not?" aſked he with concern.

" I do not know," replied the lovely maid; " but indeed I cannot go into com- " pany to night."

" Do then as you pleaſe," ſaid he. " I " ſhall wiſh to ſee you; but your happineſs " has long conſtituted mine."

The nearer approach of the carriages haſtened their ſeparation, and after again preſſing the lovely hand of his Harriet to his lips, Mr. Seymour quitted the grove, leaving her abſorbed in reflecting on the paſt hour, which appeared the moſt important in her life. Every incident was impreſſed upon her remembrance, yet ſhe ſeemed as if gleaning the air that ſhe might collect and treaſure up every ſyllable in which he had expreſſed his ſentiments. Indeed, both the lovers when divided recognized every moment of the interview, and

in

in idea lived over again the exquiſitely happy period, till the ſupper-bell ſummoned Mr. Seymour to join the family, and Miſs Montague ſending an excuſe for not appearing, retired to reſt; a circumſtance at which we ſuppoſe ſome of our readers may be rejoiced, as with it we intend to finiſh this chapter.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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